CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 18. CHICAGO, ILL. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

THE MESSAGE IN HER GLOVE

HOW A GIRLS COURAGE AND DEVOTION SAVED A WONDERFUL SECRET

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About a Letter We Received

HERE is a letter we received the other day:

Editor Chicago Ledger: All of my life I have lived in a small town. All of my life, it seems, I have heard of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade. Small boys have haunted my footsteps trying to sell me one or the other of the papers, but I am not much of a reading man. I am much too busy. About two months ago I wanted to get rid of an unusually pestiferous kid and I gave him a dime and told him to give me both papers. As a result you have a reader for life. I said "a reader," but I meant several, for my whole family has developed a liking for your papers, which means a near-fight whenever Saturday rolls around and the Blade and Ledger arrive. Every one of them wants to get first whack at the papers. The other night, I am ashamed to confess, I sent the children off to bed early so that I might get a chance at the Blade, while my wife wanted to follow up a serial she was reading in the Ledger. I just wanted to tell you this so you would know that you are putting out two splendid papers. In proof you will find inclosed my check for $2.25, for which please send me the papers for a year. We are afraid we might miss a number.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM S. COON, ——, Missouri.

THERE is an old saying that if you don't toot your own horn, no one is going to toot it for you. But with the Blade and Ledger it is different. Some one always is ready to toot the horns for us. There was no particular reason why we should publish the above letter. It is just one of the many which we find in the course of a day's mail. But it is so straightforward, so simple, so unassuming, so earnest that we wanted all the friends of our papers to share with us the feeling of pleasure which it awakened in our office. Still there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Coon says. We are putting out two good papers, the best you ever will get for a nickel each, and when a person is doing something that he knows is good there is no call for him to adopt a modest violet pose and blush when he is given the praise which is his due. That is why we do not believe it is immodest to publish Mr. Coon's letter and to say to him that we are very, very glad that he likes both the Blade and the Ledger.

SOME of you who may not know the Ledger intimately may wonder why it should cause a near-fight whenever it reaches a home. The answer is easy—because the Ledger contains something that will interest every member of the family. If it didn't it would be missing the mark at which we are shooting. But from father and mother on down to the little ones the Ledger offers something to which to look forward each week. For the grown-ups there is red-blooded fiction to suit any taste, the kind of fiction of which the best moving picture films are made. You see many Ledger stories in the movies nowadays, because the tales which center about real men and women are the ones which are always welcome in the movie studios and you will always find them, both long and short, in the Ledger. There are war stories and storyettes, true glimpses of the intimate side of what is going on "over there," for those who prefer reality to fiction.

FOR the woman who is expert with her needle there are practical suggestions and hints from an authority in such things. For the woman who wants to do her bit for her country the "What Women Are Doing in the War" page offers many good suggestions. For those who delight in jokes and puzzles we offer two full pages in color every week. Tried and patriotic recipes are offered in another column. Right here is where you women can render some valuable help to your sister readers. If you have any good suggestions for our departments, recipes or needlework instructions or some new and novel idea for doing a woman's bit in the war, sit down and write the editor a letter telling him about it and let him pass it on to the others. Particularly is the editor anxious to learn what you are doing to help win the war. If one of your neighbors or some woman in your town has originated something let us hear of it and, if possible, send us a photograph. We would rather have a snapshot that is clear and distinct than a posed photograph. An instance will be found on the "What Women Are Doing in the War" page this week. Read the little item about "Here Is One Woman Who Cares" and you will know what we want.

NOW a few words about the next issue of the Ledger. The new serial is called "The Avenger on Helgoland." It is a thrilling story dealing with the present war. On another page of this issue you will find a little announcement about this serial. Read it and if you can resist the temptation to follow "The Avenger on Helgoland" thru from start to finish we miss our guess. Let us merely say that it is the best thing of the kind we have seen in any magazine. Following that will come in a week or two another serial, "By Whose Hand?" which is the product of the pen of that old Ledger favorite, St. George Rathborne. As its title indicates, it is a mystery story and the mystery is not cleared up until the last chapter. In the meanwhile you will have a most entertaining time trying to figure it out for yourself.

IN THE next issue, too, we will have a short—very short—story which is worthy of careful reading. It is called "The Fool" and is a clever bit of writing. It is our hope to have such stories to give you in every issue—a very short story in point of length, but a very big story so far as the story itself goes. We think "The Fool" fills the bill admirably. Christopher Poe, banker-detective, will come back as we promised and his first bow in a new series will be made, probably next week, in a story called "A Poker Chip and a Parrot." We liked this story better than any of those we ran several weeks ago in the first series and we hope you will like it, too. It will be followed by three others equally as good.

PROBABLY in your own experience you have run across men who always seemed to climb faster than their fellows, who seemed to fall heir to all the choice morsels in life and you wondered how they did it until one day the big "blow-off" came and you discovered that their policy in life was to "get something" on the other fellow and that this was the lever they used to advance themselves. Such a man was an employer concerning whom we shall tell you next week in the story called "Getting Something on Blaisdell." It is a story of the worm who turned at last, who undertook to "get something" on his boss, the man who always was "getting something" on some one else. The story is laughable and you will have many a good chuckle over it. Then towards the finish it will set you to thinking and, after you have completed it, perhaps you will have discovered how to get out of that rut into which you seem to have fallen, if you are one of those who are in the rut.

ALL in all, the next issue of the Ledger—and we hope every issue thereafter—will be replete with good things and it will be well worth your while to prepare by telling the agent from whom you bought this copy—if you are not a mail subscriber—to be sure and save you a copy of the Ledger of May 11.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Profiteer's Tactics.

A SENATOR was talking about a fuel profiteer.

"The scoundrel," he said, "thinks, if he roars and howls loud enough, we'll relax our pressure on him. Well, he's wrong.

"All these roaring, raging profiteers are using the tactics of little Eileen.

"Eileen, at the New Year dinner, was refused a fourth helping of mince pie, and at once set up a frightful caterwauling.

"'Eileen,' said her mother, 'do you know what I'll do if you keep on screaming like that?'

"'Yes!' the little girl answered. 'Wow, wow! Yes!'

"'What will I do?' said her mother.

"'You'll give me,' said Eileen—'Wow, wow!—another piece of mince pie!'"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Timorous Lover.

A WOMAN went into a store for a pair of slippers. She asked the shop assistant to get her a pair about size ten, and she wanted them squeaky.

"They're for my father," she added.

"Squeaky, miss? I'm afraid we have not any of that kind.

"Couldn't you make him a pair of squeaky ones?" asked the young woman. "There is a young man who visits me frequently, and it would be just when pa is coming down stairs."

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You Need Not Own a Lot

Perhaps you do not own a lot—don't allow this to prevent you sending in your name and address. I'll take care of everything. I'll arrange to get a lot for you in your own town, and you can have the house built on it. You will be proud of this home. I will be proud of it, for it will be a monument of advertising for my business. That is where I get my reward and that is why I make this most marvelous of offers.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 4, 1918. No. 18.

A Held-up Hold-up

By Ladd Plumley

"DADDY" Miller, veteran expressman, never had been in a holdup and didn't want to, either. "A feller can never tell how he'll act at his own wedding or in a holdup," said "Daddy." He had a chance to find out in short order and how "Daddy" acted then gives us the basis for a thrilling story of railroad life.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

AN EXPRESS automobile, wire-inclosed, drew up in the division headquarters yard at the side of the express car of the night express west. "Daddy Miller," as the boys called the head expressman, threw open the door. He and Simmons, his assistant, were ready for the contents of the automobile. Just then there appeared from the rear of the platform the last person that Miller and Simmons could have expected. Never before had the division traffic superintendent been on hand when the night express had received her load. McCrea swung himself up the steps and into the car. He motioned the expressmen into a corner.

"Miller," he snapped in his nervous way, "there is a big bunch of money going thru. In ten years we haven't had a hold-up on the division, but that isn't saying that the division won't have one. I've been told you've never been in a hold-up."

Daddy's jaws ceased gnawing on a wad of fine cut. His jaws were always gnawing on fine cut, except when he was eating or speaking. The boys held that sleep did not prevent his tobacco jaw exercise.

"Don't want to," replied Daddy. "A feller can never tell how he'll act at his own wedding or in a hold-up."

Daddy was a bachelor, and it was believed that the only thing he feared was a woman. In two railroad accidents he had not only shown himself absolutely fearless but utterly reckless. At another time he had crawled into live steam, under an overturned engine, his head muffled with his coat, to rescue the engineman. "Got a nerve like old Daddy Miller," was the highest compliment for pluck that could be paid by an employe of the Pacific & Eastern to his mate.

"Of course, nobody can ever know if there's going to be a hold-up," went on McCrea. "And it's no more likely tonight than on any other night. But the division doesn't frequently have three hundred thousand in treasury notes pulled over it. It's Uncle Sam's money—to pay troops. There was to have been a guard, but I was wired to push the stuff thru in a hurry, and the matter of a posse was left to my discretion. Seemed to me 'twas better not to talk about the chunk of cash, even to a county official, and that we weren't taking many chances to push on the stuff just as if it were only a few thousands of ordinary express money. It's up to you and Simmons. You've both got your rifles tonight?"

Miller's jaws side-tracked his chew. "Yep."

"That's all, then," said McCrea. "There isn't one chance in a billion that anybody hereabouts, outside the bank where the money was stored, and you and Simmons and I, know anything of the stuff. And there probably isn't any good reason why I shouldn't be at home or at my club instead of here. I just thought I'd make sure that you and Simmons had your rifles."

As Miller threw the packages of money to Simmons, and Simmons piled them in the safe, McCrea checked the numbers. He saw the safe door closed and the knob twirled in Miller's hands. Then he waited until, outside on the platform, the conductor's "all right!" was heard, and dropped from the car.

"A hefty chunk of the stuff, son!" grumbled Miller, taking his place on a camp-chair near the door of the safe.

"McCrea is all right, but he's a little nervous," went on Miller's drawling voice. "As he says, there hasn't been a hold-up on the division for ten years, and you can figure out the chance that there'll be one tonight. When there is a hold-up, tho, the stuff generally goes. I've never been in one, but I've talked with them as has. The trouble is they always git the drop on you and then there ain't much anybody can do. But there's mighty small chance—about the chance that I'll hit the wedding march with a skirt. I'm going on 60, and since I was 30-odd and fell for that fake-haired widow, who saved me the expense of a divorce by a jilting, I've side-stepped the skirts."

"Kill Him! Kill——"

Side-stepping women for thirty years is indeed a skilful proceeding, and the calculation of Daddy Miller's chance of getting married would have strained the resources of calculus. But in figuring the chance for a hold-up it has to be taken into account that big money often talks in its sleep.

At almost the same time that Daddy's jaws resumed their work on fine cut, a slim little fellow, neat as to dress, pointed as to feature, and owning an eye that was peculiarly ratlike and shifty, sat in the smoker and scribbled a telegram.

"Meet me as arranged. Am bringing the stuff. Count on only two regular samples," was what the telegram said.

When the flyer stopped at the next town, the slim little fellow slipped off and sent the message, paying the operator thru the window the exact charge, and regained his seat with the jaunty quickness which was his way of doing everything. He then lolled back in his seat, hunched himself up, and appeared to be sleeping. When the conductor collected the tickets, he had to shake the little passenger, before his pasteboard was delivered.

The underworld has its secret and skilled agents, just as governments have, and this spruce little fellow had for six months been serving as a bank clerk in the railroad town. He and his gang had been waiting for the opportunity which, in bankbills, was now reposing quietly in the express safe, guarded by Simmons and Daddy Miller.

While the passenger continued to doze in the smoker, and Miller continued to chew fine cut, and the night flyer roared into the mountainous region westward from the division headquarters, a bluntfaced man entered the station of a town up the line.

"Expecting a telegram," he said to the sleepy operator, "from my brother. He may bring me some samples. I'm a salesman. Name—Stephen Williams. Staying at the hotel opposite. I'll sit up for the wire. Phone it over, please."

Thirty minutes later the shifty-eyed fellow's telegram was telephoned over to the night clerk of the hotel, and fifteen minutes later a fast automobile with four men in it, one of them carrying a canvas-wrapped package containing four repeating rifles, sped away from the town. A valise had been brought by one of the men, and it had been lowered into the car very gently.

When she had made ten miles or so, the automobile exploded a tire—a sharp knife in the hand of one of the passengers was responsible—and the four leaped to the road. The next morning a farmer, with a load of early milk, almost drove into the machine, and found the driver securely bound with a rope and gagged with a muffler about his head.

In short, a promising train hold-up is something like a promising Wall street coup—just about as honest, and sometimes just as shrewdly planned.

There had been an unusual amount of baggage received and delivered from the next town west of the division headquarters, and the flyer had lost some minutes. To make up his schedule, the engineman had pushed his engine for all she had in her. Beyond the level west of this town, the road climbs a considerable grade, with sparsely populated, rough country all about. The sky was moonless but clear, lighted by the brilliant stars of a frosty night. Slowly the train climbed the grade. The engineman had an unusually heavy train behind him, and on this grade he lost another three minutes. Beyond, was another level and a straight track, where on both sides the scrub of a burned-over mountainous region extended for miles. Barton, the engineman, again gave her all the steam he had. Sprinting along, with the heavy train behind her, she had made the curve beyond the level, and again begun to climb, when, above the roar of the mechanism under him, Barton heard the explosion of a torpedo, followed instantly by a second. He cut her off and threw on the brakes.

With sparks streaming from the brake-shoes, and the crew at the rear dropping to the ties almost before she stopped, the train came to rest. Barton leaned

from his cab, gazing up the metals, expecting to see the red lights of a stalled freight.

A dim form leaped from the bushes at the side of the right of way.

"We've got you where we want you!" a voice broke on the engineman's astonished ears. "Keep her there. If you pull out, it's a chunk of hot lead!"

From the bank beyond the ditch came two shots from a rifle.

At this point a foolish young passenger who had his pistol on his person, and had been sitting up in one of the smoking-sections, hit the ties with a big bright notion of rescuing everybody, but as he saw nothing to shoot at but bunches of scrub, and could not have hit a cow at five paces in broad daylight, the imbecile came within just one inch of an obituary notice in the newspapers that gave an account of the affair. He fired a shot from his pistol anyway and instantly several streaks of flame leaped at him from the bank. He dropped his pistol and jumped for his Pullman, but in five minutes, bound hand and foot, he lay in the brush, a hundred yards from the track.

After the gun play, those of the passengers who had been awakened did the usual thing; some hid their valuables just where an infant robber could have found them, while others scattered watches and cash along the aisles. Then all crawled back into their berths, to become blanketed ostriches in pajamas.

The road had conveniently provided an ax in a glass case in the smoker, so two telegraph poles were felled and all the wires cut.

Miller was on his camp-chair, and Simmons was talking baseball with one of the baggage-men at some distance from the safe, when the double report of the torpedoes had cracked out, followed by the clamping of brake-shoes and the jar of jamming buffers.

"Stalled freight!" exclaimed Simmons.

Before either could move the jaunty young man of the smoker stepped into the express car and leveling an automatic pistol, remarked, "Hands up!"

Simmons and the two baggage-men promptly reached skyward. Miller, not comprehending the command quite, continued to chew. A quick shot plumping into a panel of the car just above his head, brought him to. He slowly stretched his hands into the air, while his jaw became temporarily paralyzed.

A man with a rifle entered. He was huge in size and wore a black mask. Outside, a trainman, with a rifle nudging his back, uncoupled the express car from the train. The mechanism of the hold-up was working as smoothly as if it had been greased with engine oil.

The baggage-men and Simmons were escorted to the ties, and Barton's guard ascended into the gangway between the engine and tender. The other robbers, all in black masks, scrambled hastily aboard the express car, and the jaunty young fellow then gave the word for the engine and car to pull away from the remainder of the train.

During this relatively brief period Miller, hands in the air, was taking things in. Pretty soon his jaws began to work again, very methodically. When the engine had got under way, one giant of a thug poked Miller with his rifle.

"Ye're the head expressman, ain't ye?" he growled.

"Yep!"

"Ye're to open up the safe! That's yer stunt!"

For a moment there was car-rattling silence. Then—"Mebbe I will—mebbe I won't," drawled Miller.

The jaunty little leader called out, "Th' bag with the stuff, Dave!"

The fellow addressed as Dave brought forward a valise, taking great pains that the motion of the car should not swing it against the trunks. With equal caution another of the robbers opened it and removed a small portable battery, such as is used in exploding blasting charges, and a coil of copper wire. From wrappings of cloth, he carefully unrolled three sticks of dynamite, which were already provided with fulminating caps. The dynamite, one stick at a time, was gently lowered to the floor at the side of the safe.

"Ye see how she is?" growled the big robber, giving Miller another poke.

Daddy's eyes twinkled blue fire. "I see how she is," he repeated, his drawl rising above the rattling of the car. "And seein' as how she'll be busted open if I don't open her up, mebbe I'd better—mebbe I'd really better."

The outlaw at Miller's side leaned over and thumped his hand on various points of the expressman's anatomy. "Jes ter make sure ye ain't got no barker," he said.

"I got no gun on me," replied Miller, ingratiatingly. "Rifle is over in that corner. Can I take another chaw?"

Miller slowly reached behind him and leisurely pulled a package of tobacco from a rear pocket, from which he bit himself off a "chaw" so large that he had difficulty in shutting his mouth on it. Then with great deliberation he climbed off his chair and kneeled in front of the safe. His jaws beginning to work on his enormous chew, he twirled and retwirled the knob, as if he were doubtful of the combination. In the end he threw in the combination and opened the door with a snap that caused the robber nearest him to jump hastily to one side, jarred also by the clamping of the brakes under the car, as it came to a stop in a lonely tract of the wooded mountainside.

The guard who had been stationed in the gangway immediately brought Barton and his fireman into the car. They were pushed against a pile of trunks, the guard, rifle at ready, taking his place in front of them.

Kneeling on the floor in front of the safe, Miller was now suddenly seized with a peculiar paroxysm. The fine cut began flying from his mouth, sprinkling liberally the interior of the safe, and gasping, choking, retching, he doubled up as if in the grip of a most powerful emetic.

"I'm sick!" he groaned. "Lord! I'm sick! Let me have air! Let me have air!"

"Huh," sneered one of the robbers, "somebody give it to me he'd put up a helluva fight. But the old white-head is sick. D—n me if he ain't scared thru to his gizzard! Let the old chap git out. He can't do no hurt. He's opened her up, all right, all right!"

"Git!" snapped the rat-eyed youth. "But don't leave the platform!"

Tobacco juice spattering from his mouth, still sputtering, gasping, and retching, apparently barely able to stagger, Miller passed to the front platform. Before he had well left the car the robbers turned their attention to making the bankbills into a bundle. They had completed the package, and the outlaw who had been assigned to carry it stooped to lift it.

"H—l! Look!" gasped the big fellow whose rifle had investigated Daddy Miller's ribs.

The ventilator at the front had been quietly swung open, and hanging thru was a man's arm. Dangling from the loose fingers and threatening to fall at any second, was one of the sticks of dynamite, explosive cap in position.

During his fit of pretended illness Miller had picked up a stick of dynamite from the side of the safe and slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

"Kill him! Kill——" snapped the rat-eyed leader, and three rifles were raised instantly. But the command gurgled out into a gasp, and the triggers of the rifles were not pulled. They had seen that if the expressman behind the ventilator were shot the dynamite would wreck the car and kill every man in it.

"You d—d crooks!" clicked Miller from the ventilator, "the trainmen there'll chuck you, if you ask 'em, that Daddy Miller wouldn't like any better fun than to drop this here thing and let loose all h—l! And if any of you tries any monkey-biz I drops her, just like——" Daddy's fingers unwound themselves, and the dynamite slipped down loosely between his thumb and forefinger. "Saved her in time," chuckled Daddy, juggling the dynamite back into the palm of his hand. "And for Uncle Sam's plunks I wouldn't care one little d—n if I was chucked into heaven in dog scraps. And if a single galoot doesn't do exactly as I say, by G—d! it's a bust into h—l for all of you. I'm for the other station!" Again came Daddy's dry chuckle.

"Barton, it's you and your fireman for your cab—hit her up for the Junction. Don't stop for even a red. If there's any stopping this thing drops—just like——" Once more the stick slipped, but was dexterously caught again, as those below shrunk together in a group of terror.

"Stop her in the yards right opposite the repair shops, Barton. Then toot your whistle like the devil. There'll be a half-hundred of the night boys as'll gather in this here bunch, one by one, as I dangles h—l over their d—d heads!"

Several times during the strange journey to the Junction one of the robbers again raised his rifle and aimed at the ventilator, but always another pushed down the barrel. The dangling arm, with the loosely-held stick of dynamite, was far more powerful than the dread of prison. It was a gang of shivering train robbers, their nerves gone completely bad, who, when Barton had brought the car to rest opposite the repair shops, dropped their rifles and slunk, one after another, trembling, under the hanging arm and the lightly held stick of death. They were gathered in by the workmen summoned by the tootings of Barton's engine.

"The pluckiest thing I ever heard or read!" exclaimed McCrea, the superintendent, a week later, as in a crowd of the division boys he presented Miller with the engrossed thanks of the road, signed by the president himself, together with a gold watch so thick in the case that the boys say she'd ditch a Mogul if Barton left her on a rail.

The Other Woman's Good Name

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By Lillian Grace Copp

She was under a cloud in her home town, but the young fellow could forgive better than those who had known her all her life, and in the end he had his reward.

BRUCE THORNTON stopped short on the brick-paved walk of the village and listened at a closely shuttered window.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" he heard a voice going on within. "In the anguish of his soul Job asked that deathless question, which all the centuries have left unanswered. It seems a peculiarly fitting text to be uttered above this woman, who, with the breadth and depth of a mother's love, accepted ignominy that her daughter might appear before the world innocent and pure."

Thornton pushed his hat back on his head and tucked one hand into his pocket, staring straight and hard at the green-shuttered cottage whence had issued these strange ministerial words, so resonant with professional compassion.

"If there is a life beyond the grave, this self-sacrificing mother, this——"

A sharp cry of agony cut athwart the minister's rounding period and an instant later the cottage door was flung open and a man emerged, carrying in his arms the limp form of a young girl.

Bruce sprang forward to the little porch.

"What is it? Can I help?" he offered kindly, and a thrill of horror ran thru him as he came nearer to the wide-open, expressionless eyes in the girl's white, immobile face. He saw that the girl was clad in lusterless black, the garb of mourning.

"She's only fainted," replied the man, indifferently laying her out on the floor of the porch.

Bruce bent over her, feeling that something ought nevertheless to be done, but not knowing what to do or not daring to be too insistent.

"Is she the daughter to whom the minister referred?" he asked finally.

The man regarded him with a curious stare.

"I am a stranger here," Thornton added, with disarming frankness. "I suppose it is no affair of mine, but I feel awfully sorry for her, somehow. If I could do anything—she is coming out of it! See?"

"If you want to know her, go ahead," insinuated the man with brutal significance. "She's not the sort a man needs an introduction to, you know."

Bruce looked quickly and sharply at the man as if he did not quite trust his ears.

"Left a kid in the city," elaborated the man, with a lift of his eyebrows.

Involuntarily Bruce's eyes sought the slender hand; it wore no badge of wifehood. Then he looked at her face. It was not a hard face nor a loose one. A strange, unaccountable wave of interest swept over him. As he gazed, the girl's eyes fluttered open, brown eyes, tender, trusting, wistful. Her mouth drooped like an aggrieved child's, as she met Bruce's earnest, pitying glance. Then two big tears brimmed over and splashed down the white cheeks.

"I want to go back," she cried and started to her feet. "O God, what if they have closed the casket!"

"Don't worry," returned the man, with a lack of feeling that made Bruce long to strangle him. "I'm the one that attends to that part."

For a minute Bruce did some quick, fierce debating with himself. Would he help or would he harm the girl by returning with her to that consecrated room? The narrowness and the cruelness of the town's bigotry, revealed as much by the minister's sermon as by the undertaker's brief explanations, were maddening. Bruce looked critically at the appealing, child-like face. Poor little girl, he thought pityingly, to pay the terrible price of ostracism for a single false step. She looked so young and so unfitted to bear so heavy a burden.

Her eyes sought his appealingly. She was so dismally, so tragically alone. Bruce hesitated no longer. He stepped quickly to her side and pulled her hand within his arm with a smile of protection. The undertaker stepped back with a grudging show of respect.

But if Bruce had thought Estelle alone as she lay so white and still on the porch, he realized the desolateness of her position as they entered the room together. Not one friendly look was cast in their direction, but staring, insolent glances that made her draw closer to him, as he led the way to the side of the casket.

The girl's face was chalk-like as she gazed down at the silent form of a woman in the early forties. There was a strong resemblance between the dead woman and the girl. As Estelle bent and pressed a last, passionate kiss on her mother's cold brow, Bruce bowed his head reverently.

"If I could only go in the procession!" Her tear-drenched eyes met Bruce's with the anguish of longing.

"Has no place been provided for you?" he breathed, again tucking the cold little hand beneath his arm.

"No!" The monosyllable was a moan.

Bruce gently led her out into the hall. "Wait here!" he commanded.

He ran down the steps, and hailed the man in charge of the line of carriages.

"It can't be done," refused the man curtly, in response to Bruce's request that he have the first single carriage in the procession to drive Estelle to the grave.

"It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to make a mistake, my friend," coached Bruce, significantly, emphasizing his words with a bill crowded into the man's hands. "Just forget who was going in that carriage. I'll make it all right with the undertaker."

Five minutes later Bruce assisted Estelle into the carriage, and taking the lines, waited calmly for the procession to start. The long, sad drive ended. Bruce returned the carriage to the cottage, and followed Estelle into the narrow hall. A red-faced, belligerent man, a cousin of Estelle's, met them.

"Say," he challenged in a terrible voice, "I didn't want to make a scene, and you got by with that bluff; but do you realize that was my team you used?"

Bruce turned on him a look that made him wince. "Whomever the team belonged to, the girl had a right to go in that procession. I didn't have time to get a carriage here when I learned that no provision had been made for her to go, and so I hired that one.

"I believe that $2 is the usual charge in a town of this size for a single carriage." He spoke with perfect courtesy, and taking out a two-dollar bill placed it in the hands of the astonished man.

"And now I would like five minutes alone with her. After that I promise not to trouble you any more."

Estelle's sister-in-law pushed open the door into a small room which had been cleared of its furnishings for the funeral. "Remember that your train leaves at 5, Estelle," she reminded, icily, as Bruce closed the door.

Mute with pain the girl faced him. Bruce laid his hand with great tenderness on the black-covered shoulder. At the act her eyes filled, brimmed over, and her lip trembled piteously. She made a futile search for her handkerchief. Bruce took his own immaculate one from his pocket and put it in her hand.

"Oh," sobbed Estelle, "you don't know what you have done for me today. I don't know why you have done it, only it is always that way. When everything looks the darkest, when you know that God has forgotten you, or if He hasn't, that He just doesn't care, He sends you some wonderful sign to make you realize that He hasn't lost sight of you, not for a single heart beat." She lifted her great brown eyes to Bruce's face with such an expression of gratitude in their depths that, for a minute, he had to turn his own away.

"I was glad to do what I could," he said, sympathetically, "for I feel a great interest in you. I can't explain the 'why,' but you know that sometimes we do the most extraordinary things on what we call impulse, when, as you have just expressed it, we doubtless are working out some plan of the great Ruler of the universe.

"It is about your returning to the city this afternoon that I wanted to speak," he changed to commonplace topics, hastily. "I am leaving myself by the 5 o'clock train, and if there is anything that I can do, or if, in any way, I can make your trip less dreary, I shall consider you are granting me a favor by allowing me to do it.

"I am Bruce Thornton, a foreman in the composing-room of The ——," he named a city daily. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked gently. "I only know that they call you Estelle."

The girl nodded solemnly. "I am Estelle Langdon. If you held an important position here in S——, it would be greatly endangered by what you have done for me this afternoon. But in a large city like Boston, it can't affect you. People in cities are not interested in insignificant nobodies, and once there, we'll

probably never meet again." Sadly her eyes met Bruce's, but in their troubled depths there was not the faintest shade of embarrassment.

"Oh, yes, we shall meet again," contradicted Bruce, cheerfully, "unless you expressly forbid it. And now that the fact of our returning to the city is settled, will you come with me now? I have to return to the hotel, but first I am going to take you to the station, and ask you to wait there."

"You are more kind than you know." Estelle's voice broke as she tried to thank him. "I have nothing but a small hand-bag. I will get that."

Bruce heard the girl's low, sad tones saying good-by to a few of the relatives who still lingered, and their cold, crisp ones in response. He breathed a sigh of relief when they were out of the house, going down the cool, pine-shaded street together.

He made no attempt to make the girl talk on their three-hour ride to Boston. He was kind, considerate, solicitous for her comfort, attentive to her needs, his attentions being precisely those of an elder brother for a dearly loved sister who had suddenly been called upon to meet her Gethsemane.

Arriving at the station, Bruce put Estelle into a cab, gave the address of the respectable lodging-house in the South End, of which the girl had given him the number, and got in beside her.

"I couldn't let you go alone," he explained his presence, simply, "and besides I wanted to see where you lodged."

The expression in Estelle's eyes was inexpressibly sweet, and guileless as a child's, as she choked:

"I will never forget what you have done for me today. You are the first person in weeks to treat me as if I were human. It never helps the person who is down to hammer him, does it?" she asked, wistfully, her eyes shining thru her tears.

"No, indeed," agreed Bruce, giving her hand a friendly little pressure. "It makes him feel that it isn't worth while to try for another chance."

Estelle shot him a quick glance from wide-opened eyes. "That is just what a person who is down needs, another chance at life, and that is what so few women ever get. No one seems willing to help."

"But I want to help," offered Bruce, stoutly. "I want to be a friend to you, one on whom you can always feel free to call." He took her hand in his at the foot of the steps to say good night. "I want to come tomorrow evening. May I?"

Estelle searched his face. Her own had flushed hotly. Bruce's steady gray eyes never wavered. "I shall be glad to see you, and thank you for coming. Good night."

Bruce waited with bared head till the door swung open in response to her fitted key, then turning he went soberly back and climbed into the cab.

All the next day he thought of Estelle. Why hadn't he asked her where she worked? Why hadn't he found out whether her finances were in a sufficiently prosperous state? If she had a baby to support, it must require careful planning to make both ends meet. He remembered her shabby little hat and her neatly blacked and mended shoes, showing beneath the hem of the new black dress, evidently purchased to wear to her mother's funeral. What a child she was! Her sad, wistful little face was always getting between him and his work, till in sheer desperation he got his thoughts under control.

It was nearly 7 that night when he left his desk, and hurried to the address to which he had accompanied Estelle the night before. He was tired and hungry, but elated over his sudden happy idea of taking Estelle out to dinner with him. He was going to be sure that she had one good meal that day.

"Yes, you can see her," granted the landlady, garrulously, admitting him to the dimly lighted hall, "but it's my opinion she ain't fit for anything but the hospital. Unless I've missed my guess, she's comin' down with brain fever. She ain't worked for a month, but as long's she keeps her rent paid it ain't any o' my business whether she works or not. Only if she's sick how'll she pay it? She says she won't go t' the hospital, but I'd have called 'em up this afternoon if she hadn't said you'd be here tonight. Friend of her'n?"

Then she got a look at Bruce's flashing eyes, and her tone suddenly changed to cringing apology.

"I ain't got nothin' against her, only she owes me a week's rent. I thought you'd like to know she was sick 'fore you went up. She has the back room on the top floor."

Bruce bowed formally, and sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time. He knocked lightly on the door. There was no response. He knocked again. Then he softly tried the door. It was unlocked. He pushed it open and went in. The room was stiflingly hot, and Estelle, fully dressed, lay across the bed. Her face was drawn and white, with great, dark circles beneath the closed eyes. A bluish pallor marked the fevered lips, which parted in an audible moan, when Bruce attempted to arouse her.

Rushing down the stairs he gave the bell a tremendous pull, which brought

A Man Emerged, Carrying the Limp Form of a Young Girl.

the landlady to the hall, puffing resentfully.

"Miss Langdon is very ill," announced Bruce, in a quick, sharp tone. I am going for a doctor and a nurse. If you have a larger, cooler room and will have her moved into it, I'll pay you as soon as I return."

"You pay me now," puffed the woman, squaring her elbows as she placed her hands on her hips. "I ain't runnin' no charity house, an' I always have my money in advance. I ain't mean, but when I trus' anybody I'm sure t' git stung. I let her take this week's ren' t' go t' her mother's funeral, an' now she's a week behin'."

"What is the price of the room?" Bruce curtly cut into the woman's tirade.

"Five dollars a week. It's the bes' room in the house." She swung open the door to the front parlor, a large, airy room on the first floor, and Bruce passed her the money demanded.

The next two weeks were anxious ones for Bruce. All the time he could get away from his duties on the paper, he sat listening to Estelle's ravings, which were always more coherent when he sat with his hand on her fevered head. She talked incessantly of "Mother," babbling of a terrible mistake for which she was paying so exorbitant a price. Once or twice she tried to hush a wailing baby, but her attempt ended in her own pitiful cry for mother.

The came the night when, at 9 o'clock, the doctor with a grave face administered a sedative in a capsule. "That is the most powerful opiate that I have," he said to Bruce. "Unless it makes her sleep before midnight, the end will come then. She has only one chance out of a thousand, and that is a very weak one, of living till morning."

"But she will sleep," answered Bruce with set lips. All thru the long hours of the night he never left her bedside. Nothing could exceed the tenderness and the patience of the man, as he soothed and caressed the girl's aching, burning head. Just before 12 she sank into a troubled sleep, which at the end of an hour terminated in the long, deep, heavy slumber of exhaustion.

"You had better go now. She may not wake till night," the nurse told him in the early hours of the next morning. And Bruce went. He called for a few minutes that night, but Estelle was again sleeping and he did not see her.

The next evening when he entered the room the girl greeted him with a wan smile of recognition. "I am better;" her voice was low and weak, but the expression in her great brown eyes made Bruce feel dazed and queer.

"That makes me very happy." He leaned over the bed, and pressed the transparent little hand very gently.

"How good you are!" breathed Estelle. "All day I have been thinking how much trouble and expense I have cost you. Please let me finish!" she pleaded, as he laid his finger lightly across her lips. "I want you to tell the nurse when she comes in that I am well enough now to go back to my old room. That one is only $2 a week."

"Hush!" commanded Bruce, in a wonderfully touched tone. "You are not to think of such a thing as expense. You are to think only of getting well." He released her hand, and laid it tenderly back on the white spread.

"But I can't help thinking," said the girl, with a little catch in her voice. "You must be sorry that you ever met me. I have caused you nothing but trouble. Why didn't you send me to the hospital?" Her eyes, worried, anxious, burned into his.

"I will tell you why I didn't, if you will promise not to worry over the expense or to think of anything but getting well. Is it a bargain?" He smiled protectingly down into the troubled eyes.

"I will try not to worry," she promised.

"Well, it was just like this: I knew that you didn't want to go to the hospital, and even had you been willing, I should have disliked to have sent you, because," he smiled frankly, "there I could have seen you only now and then, but here I could come whenever I had a spare hour. So you see that you mustn't worry over my taking this room, for I engaged it for my own convenience."

"O-oh," cried Estelle, in a joyous, wondering tone. She looked at Bruce with a warmth of expression that made her eyes all shiny and shadowy as they met his steady gray ones.

Then the nurse came in, and seeing Estelle's flushed cheeks and excited eyes, she sent Bruce away.

"But you will come tomorrow," the girl entreated, as he arose to leave.

"Yes, indeed, I will come tomorrow and every other tomorrow, till you are quite well again. I am going to stand by you as long as I am needed. Don't bother about gratitude, little girl. I am just being human." The smile that twisted his mouth was good to remember.

Estelle gained rapidly. Bruce continued to spend all of his spare time in that South End parlor, which seemed far more like home to him than his own apartment in the city's more exclusive section. All thru the day he looked forward to the evening hours which were to be spent with Estelle. As soon as the girl was able to sit up an hour a day she discharged the nurse.

"But I didn't really need her," said Estelle, silencing Bruce's demur that she should have waited another week before letting the nurse go. "For a small sum the landlady has promised to see that I don't go hungry. The nurse was horridly extravagant. I didn't need the expensive food she was always preparing. All I need is toast and an occasional egg, and in a few days I shall be able to prepare them myself."

"But you are going to have something besides toast and an occasional egg," asserted Bruce, with an air of authority. "The nurse told me what you needed to regain your strength."

He hurried out and purchased a large, juicy steak, which he cooked himself over Estelle's tiny alcohol stove.

"I am going to have dinner with you every night, just to be sure that you don't starve," laughingly announced Bruce, washing the dishes in the set bowl. "By the time that you are able to prepare the dinner for us I shall be 'some cook.'" He smiled quizzically down into the white face, just then showing a faint tinge of pink.

Estelle tried to answer lightly. But Bruce's goodness to her was so unprecedented that she choked and blushed furiously.

"What is it?" he asked, all concern.

"It's just that you are so kind and generous," she replied, brokenly. "You have been like that from the first time I ever saw you. You don't how how I feel about the way you are financing me thru this illness. As soon as I get well, and can secure another position, I can pay you back the money part, but for the other, that I can never repay."

Bruce leaned over the bed, and taking Estelle's hand said very earnestly: "If you really wish to please me, you will never mention money between us till I give you permission to do so. I don't want you to feel that you must deny yourself actual necessities, just because you happen to be in a close place, financially, just now.

"I am a long way from being rich, but I have a good salary and a little laid by. It has been a long time since I have spent money that has given me the satisfaction that has the small amount I have paid out for you."

A bright crimson spot splashed Estelle's pale cheeks as Bruce talked on, telling of how the demands of his family had prevented him in his youth from forming closer ties; and when at last he was free, how his work had absorbed all his time and attention. He told her quite frankly that he was ten years older than he looked. He talked of his past freely, generously giving any information that he thought could possibly interest her.

Before he left that night Estelle voluntarily offered the information that she was a stenographer, and had lost her position one month before her mother's death. She told how all her attempts to secure work had been futile, and how she had seen her small bank account dwindle steadily, till she had been obliged to take her week's rent to put with what she had to go home for her mother's funeral.

"Of course it was hard," she finished, frankly, "but I had only myself to support, and that made it easier."

"Then you don't have to care for the child?" Bruce flashed the question before he realized its import.

"No." Estelle's face flamed violently. "It's in a home. I have never paid for its support."

"Forgive me, Estelle, I have no right to ask, but are you married?" Something stronger than his will forced Bruce to ask the question.

Estelle lifted her appealing brown eyes and looked stoutly into Bruce's.

"No." Then Estelle hid her face behind her curved arm, and great, tearless sobs shook her slender frame. "Oh, the whole thing was a mistake, a horrible, maddening one, and I have paid such a terrible price. If I could only tell you now how it was."

"Don't!" begged Bruce, taking her arm down from over her eyes, and imprisoning her hand in his. "It is one of the things that tears won't help. But however serious a mistake we have made, there is always another chance waiting for us." He put his other hand, big, warm, protecting, over Estelle's. There was just a suspicion of a tremor in his deep, rich tones, as he went on:

"I want to be a friend to you, Estelle; to give you the same chance to rise above the mistake you have made, that I should have been glad to have known that some other fellow had given my little sister had she lived, and was meeting the crisis in her life that you are meeting now.

"I know that some people think all men are more or less brutes, and a sel-

fish motive lies under every good act. But it isn't so Estelle. There are many who would do for you what I am trying to do. As long as you are ill and need me, I will never fail you. And when you get well and are able to work, I'll do all that lies in my power to help you forget your wrecked past." A fervent hand clasp emphasized his words.

From that night Estelle improved miraculously. Every afternoon around 5 Bruce would call her over the telephone, telling her at what time he would be with her. Financially, Estelle was wholly dependent on him. But as she grew well and strong, she haunted employment offices, and trudged weary miles interviewing firms whose addresses she had secured, in her search for a position.

Day after day she met disappointment, but she met it bravely. At night she greeted Bruce with the same bright smile and no word of the fruitless search which had filled her day. But when he came in one night she met him with dancing eyes.

"Great news!" she cried in triumph. "I secured a position this afternoon. Burke and Mason want a stenographer for their out-of-town office, and they are going to send me out on trial. I begin Monday. I am so happy that I am 'most crazy." Her face sparkled with animation.

"The pay is fifty dollars a month. If you will let me pay you back at the rate of five dollars a week I can manage very nicely on the other seven. You see, board isn't very expensive out to H——."

"You are going to H——?" cried Bruce, pushing back his chair and staring at Estelle, incredulously.

A strange dizziness rushed over him at the words. How could he get along without Estelle? He shrank from the thought of again facing the dreary, monotonous grind his life had been before she came into it.

"You are not going," he contradicted fiercely. "I won't let you go. You belong to me. You are going to stay right here." He tried to take her in his arms.

"What do you mean?" gasped Estelle. "Do you think that now I have a position and am able to fill it, I shall let you continue to support me?" She shrank from his touch with a little gesture of horror.

"Estelle," cried Bruce, in hot denial, "how can you think that I meant a thing like that? I want to marry you. I have been in love with you from the first, but I didn't know it. I knew it the minute you said that you were going away. No other woman in the world ever held any attraction for me."

The girl looked at him wonderingly. "You would marry me, knowing how I am regarded by my own people, and knowing what my reputation is in the town where until two years ago my whole life was spent?" she asked, steadily.

"What do I care for the opinion of people too bigoted to realize the truth? Tho the evidence of the whole world was against you, I should still know that you were good and pure. In all the weeks I have been coming here, I have studied you, watched you, and yes," his face colored, "tested you. But you always stood firm. Never would you accept a thing that you felt unable at some future time to repay.

"Don't let the prejudice of narrow minds separate us, Estelle! I want you, need you, and if you will marry me you will never regret it. Won't you, dear?" Again he tried to take her in his arms.

Estelle pushed them down, looking at him with swimming eyes. "Always you have been lovely to me, my friend, but all that you have done sinks into insignificance in comparison with your trust. Again and again I have been moved to tell you about myself, but I felt unless I could prove my story—it would only make things still worse. But you would marry me with this disgrace clinging to my name! You are wonderful! Tomorrow night—I will answer you."

She put out her hand. Bruce took it, pressed it to his lips, and left the room.

It seemed years before the next night arrived, and he was free to seek her again. She looked wan and unsubstantial. The lovely color that had tinted her cheeks since her illness had fled. Tonight there was no cozily-set table, no aroma of a tempting dinner that spelled home to them both. It all seemed strange and unreal.

There was a tenseness about the girl that communicated itself to Bruce as he took the big Morris chair by the table, which Estelle pulled forward after her constrained greeting. She seated herself beside him, resting her folded hands on one arm of his chair.

"I want to tell you a story," she began in such a dry, colorless tone, that Bruce felt sure she had rehearsed the beginning before. "The first part doesn't concern me at all, but it is vital to the ending."

The story was the account of a young, foolish girl, marrying hastily, quarreling continuously with her husband, and finally deserted by him. Alone and without training the girl had come to the city, where finally she had secured a position as half-errand girl, half-assistant, in the office where Estelle was employed.

"Mary wasn't bad, but she was young, pretty and weak," explained Estelle. "Her salary barely supplied her with necessities, and she wanted the nice things and good times the way other girls had. She knew of but one way to secure them and when the way opened she embraced it."

Estelle hurried on, telling of her fondness for Mary, and of how the girl had come to her one day in a frenzy of terror, begging that she would help her thru the crisis she was facing.

"What made it seem doubly horrible," defended Estelle, "was that Mary had heard from her husband, who had secured a fine position, and wanted her to return to him. The only way to give her a fresh start was never to let her husband know about the child."

"And you accepted the disgrace to give Mary that chance?" broke in Bruce, thru set teeth.

"Well, I didn't intend to, but it worked out that way," sighed Estelle. "Mary resigned and I asked for a month's leave of absence, and took her out of the city. We went to W——, where neither of us was known. That very night her little daughter was born. She clung to me so frantically that I scarcely left her for the whole month. Thru letters I learned of an institution, just ouside of Boston, where the baby would be accepted, and kept for a year before offering it for adoption.

"The day before Mary was to leave for her husband's home, I took the baby to the asylum I had found. Everything would have been all right had I not met on the train a woman from home, the worst gossip in the whole place. She asked me questions about the baby that I couldn't answer, and she took my confusion for guilt. I was bound by my promise to Mary that never, under any circumstances, till she gave me permission would I ever divulge her secret. I told the woman the truth in a general way, but my refusal to give Mary's name, or any specific details, made the whole story look made-up.

"Oh, I know now that it was a foolish, insane thing to do, but if you could have seen the horror in Mary's eyes, and realize as I did what a tragedy the baby's coming was to her, you might understand better. You see, I had taken every precaution, sending my letters to my city address to be mailed from there, and having my own mail forwarded from the central office. I thought that in no possible way could any one learn of my connection with the affair. Never once did I imagine such a horrible situation as that any one would ever think the child belonged to me.

"From the woman on the train I learned that Mother had recently undergone a serious surgical operation, which she had kept from me till the danger-point was passed. I couldn't go home then, for my leave of absence had expired.

"Of course, the woman went home and told about the baby, and somehow they learned that I had been away from the office for a month. Things that you wish to conceal always leak out some way," she interjected, wearily.

"And the web of circumstantial evidence was complete," groaned Bruce.

"Well, it was a pretty stronge case of circumstantial evidence against me." For a minute Estelle struggled with tears. Bruce caressed the girl's clinched hands soothingly, and choking back her emotion, she continued:

"The next week I received a letter from Mother, saying that Mrs. Lewis had returned from her visit with the story of my disgrace. Mother was too ill to reason and she had declared that the child was hers. And tho no one for an instant believed so preposterous a claim, she urged me to hold to the story. To pacify Mother, who was nearly insane from the shock, the doctor promised to make no contradictory statement. But her attempt to take my reputed shame upon herself influenced people against me far more than the fact that there was a child. I wrote to Mary entreating her to release me from my promise so that I could go home and prove to my mother that I was all right; but Mary was perfectly happy in her reconciliation, and to my entreaty she sent back so terrified an appeal that I was almost willing to accept the sin which all my friends were ready to lay at my door. I suppose they heard the story in the office, for one night I was told that they were very sorry, but that it was necessary to reduce the office force, and they were obliged to lay me off."

Bruce pressed her fingers in silent sympathy, and she smiled back, a wan little apology of a smile, and kept on with the unbroken thread of her story.

"I felt that I had nearly reached the brink of despair, and while I was fighting it out—whether to break my promise to Mary or not—there came a telegram announcing Mother's death, and the fact that I should be tolerated only thru the services."

"You poor child!" Bruce's sympathy was heartfelt. Estelle drew in a sharp little breath that was almost a sob.

"I went. But in my most frenzied hours I never imagined how vile I had become in the estimation of the people whom I had known all my life, till I reached there. Even had I been guilty I feel sure that the cruelty of the minister's words would have struck me down. I can never tell you what it meant to me when I regained consciousness to meet the sympathy in your eyes, or how I felt when you returned to the room with me. I seemed to understand that it was thru the people's love for Mother that their bitterness had been aroused."

"And Mary?" asked Bruce, fiercely, as she paused. "Is she worth one-half of the suffering you have undergone for her?"

"I was coming to Mary," she caught her breath, quiveringly. "Last night after you left, I went to her home. Conscience-stricken over the account I gave her of my mother's death and my own sufferings, she told her husband all." Estelle faltered, and put her hand to her head as if the memory of the past twenty-four hours was more than she could bear.

Bruce saw the weary gesture: "Did he forgive her?"

"Well, he is trying to," and at the question the tired light again crept into Estelle's eyes. "They will adopt the child, and make another new start in their married life. Oh, Bruce, he thinks that he is so wonderful to condone the offense in her that he would take as his right for her to forgive him himself. It is a mistake, and mistakes are what make life so cruelly hard. If we could but see the end from the beginning, how easy it would be to avoid such suffering as always arises from mistakes. Why do we have to make them?" Estelle's brown eyes pleaded for an answer.

Bruce took her in his arms. "We don't know why these things are permitted, dear, but they must hold some place in the perfect whole, else they would never be allowed."

He pressed his lips to the girl's crimson ones. "Mine, Estelle, mine for eternity. And this wonderful thing has come to me, all out of a mistake." His eyes glowed down into Estelle's, now filled with the soft, precious light of love.

Then he added in a hushed, reverent tone:

"Thank God, that I, too, didn't make one."

"She Asked Me Questions About the Baby; I Couldn't Answer."

What He Got.

"YOU can't have what you want in this world," said the fretful-looking householder. "And there is no use in wishing for it. There are lots of things I want, but what's the use? I have everything that I don't want; I have bum eyes, red hair, ears that stand out, poor digestion, rheumatism and lumbago, I would like to have fine glims, blond hair, be able to eat anything in the world I have an appetite for and own a whole set of books. No sense! I shall never own one. Some people have everything their hearts desire and not a thing that they don't want. Now, there's Blim. Look at his swell house! See his fine big car out there in the street! He has never been sick a day in his life. Has a fine wife and two nice children. He says he doesn't want any more children, that a pair are enough for him. He should be happy. I dare say he is.

"I never get anything I want, but I always get lots of things I don't want. Some persons are just naturally lucky. Some chaps are born good looking and can get all the nice girls they want. But did you ever notice that these guys don't seem to care for girls? You see how it is? They don't want girls; they want something else, brains or something like that.

"You never met a man who was not always knocking the line he happened to be in, his profession or business. Ask him how he likes it, and he will tell you it is no good. He'll advise you never to take up the thing at which he makes a living. No matter what he does to earn his bread and butter, or his champagne and truffles; it is all the same—he'll advise you to stay out of it. He wishes he'd never gone into it himself. It is not what he wants at all.

"Take a married man. He wishes that he was single. Look at all the unmarried fellows who wish they were spliced. That's the way life goes; what you have you don't want, and what you want you can't get. Besides, a thing that is worth having has to be worked hard for.

"Contrarily, that which comes easily and without more or less effort or hardship is not held at a very high value by the possessor. A man who inherits a large fortune, while he may realize that he owns something worth having—a lot of money—will not place a high value on the cash, because, if he does, he won't spend it, in which case he is no better off than before he had it.

"I guess it is all for the best, however—this thing of never getting what we want. I guess we get what is good for us.

"What's that?" the fretful-looking householder interrupted himself to ask, as he was informed of the arrival of an express package at his front door.

"Gee!" he cried, as he staggered in with a large wooden box. "Here is that set of books I've been wanting for a year. The good little wife just had it sent out to me. Maybe I am mistaken in that theory, after all."

Fifth Installment of the Adventures of Keeneyes, the Detective, in

IS SHE A GERMAN SPY?

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

Read This First

KEENEYES, a famous detective, has been sent by the United States Government to assist the Federal agent Ormsby in guarding a great scientist, who, concealed in the little town of X——, is working on an invention — the "Government Secret." Ormsby at once orders Keeneyes to shadow a beautiful girl, named Margaret Barley, who Ormsby asserts is a German spy. Keeneyes trails the girl out into the country to a rendezvous with a couple of movers—Jack Daws and a girl they call Lucile. These "movers" imprison him in a subterranean chamber under a deserted barn. He escapes and makes his way back to X——, to the house in which Ormsby and the Inventor are quartered. Under a window of the house Keeneyes discovers a lighted bomb. He extinguishes it and reports the matter to Ormsby. The latter is agitated, and on learning that Keeneyes has allowed Margaret Barley to escape angrily denounces the detective and dismisses him. Keeneyes returns to his hotel. The Inventor, Lindenwait, having overheard the interview between Ormsby and Keeneyes, calls on the latter at his hotel. Keeneyes points out his reasons for suspecting Ormsby of treachery, and disguising himself, he returns with the Inventor to the latter's house. In the course of the night he comes upon Ormsby in the front yard in conference with the hotel clerk, Bliggs, in which the latter warns Ormsby that the man in disguise is probably Keeneyes On Bliggs' departure, Keeneyes promptly takes Ormsby prisoner. By a peculiar mirror test the detective discovers that Ormsby has given the Inventor's notebook of formulas to his confederate, Jack Daws. Keeneyes and the Inventor leave Ormsby for a moment, while they go to destroy the Inventor's working-materials, preparatory to a removal of themselves from the premises. They return to find Ormsby murdered. A bloody handkerchief embroidered with the initials M. B., and a slipper point to Margaret Barley as the murderer. The hotel clerk also fastens the guilt, by suggestion, on this girl. While the sheriff and his crowd are headed toward the hotel to arrest Margaret Barley, Keeneyes leads the Inventor away to Jack Daws' deserted barn, and leaves him there, concealed in the loft. Soon thereafter Margaret Barley enters the barn. The Inventor falls in love with her on sight. She tells him that she seeks her sister Lucile, who has come under the influence of the German spy, Jack Daws, and that if he will help her to find Lucile he will also find his stolen notebook. The Inventor trusts her innocent face and goes along with her. They are overtaken on the road by four men in an automobile. The men recognize the girl with an expression of gratitude, and then seize the Inventor. The girl protests her ignorance of their plans, and begs the Inventor's forgiveness. The spies carry him 60 miles away to the bank of a river, where they bind his hands and tie a weight about his neck. He is then given his choice of death or the surrender of the formulae in his notebook. He chooses death and leaps into the river. In the water he succeeds in freeing himself from the rope and the weight. At a nearby farmhouse, whither he goes to dry himself out, he again falls into the hands of a pro-German, who tries to kill him with a bomb. The Inventor now sets out for X—— to find Margaret Barley, whom he still believes to be an innocent girl.

If you wish to read the story in full you may obtain back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 14, dated April 6.

He Had Caught a Glimpse of an Automobile in the Weeds Back of the Cottage.

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CHAPTER XI.

IN THE KIDNAPERS' RENDEZVOUS.

DESPITE the harrowing experiences thru which Lindenwait the Inventor had passed, with the consequent loss of sleep, he found himself equal to high speed, as he almost ran along the open road. The mystery about Margaret Barley—the question of her innocence—and his desire to settle the mystery once for all, spurred his feet.

He realized that the automobile must have brought him a great distance from X——, since there was no river close to the village. Fortunately an automobile, which stopped in the road for brief attention, gave him a lift over a great part of the way.

It was at a small town, perhaps ten miles from X——, that he ordered a meal, the first he had had that day, and having provided himself with suitable clothing, he gave himself a few hours' rest in an upstairs bedroom. Thus refreshed, he resumed his tramp at about 6 o'clock, and just as twilight was fading away, saw ahead of him a cottage, to which he felt impelled to give more than cursory attention.

There was nothing peculiar about the cottage itself. It was a simple building of a single story, set a good distance back from the road, and half hidden by saplings and bushes and immense weeds; in fact, the ground between it and the road suggested that the place was unoccupied.

However, he had caught a glimpse of an automobile in the weeds back of the cottage, and it was an automobile he was not likely to forget. It was the car in which he had been abducted; and the sight of it made him extraordinarily cautious. He crept to the margin of a weedy patch and threw himself flat, thus passing from the view of any one who might be traversing the road.

But had he been seen from the cottage? If so, there must soon be signs of life at the door or windows. Hugging the ground he waited, secure in the belief that if he had not yet been discovered, the dense weeds on every side would shield him.

His face was toward the cottage, and he waited long and anxiously; but not a movement was visible from that direction. However, he felt sure, in view of the presence of the automobile, that at least some of the men who had kidnaped him were within.

It grew darker. Several times a horseman or an automobile passed in the road at a short distance from his place of concealment, either going to X—— or coming from the village, but no one stopped.

Lindenwait had time to reflect deeply, and he went over in detail everything he could remember about Margaret Barley, even while he was disturbed in wondering about the detective—the detective who must be both amazed and alarmed by his absence from their rendezvous. Much as he regretted losing touch with Keeneyes, however, the Inventor was far more engrossed in thinking about the beautiful young woman of mystery. He had found her as beautiful as Keeneyes had led him to expect, and his judgment confirmed the detective's judgment of "innocence." Nevertheless, there were points that he could not clear up to his satisfaction.

That her sister, Lucile, should be in the service of Germany because of the influence brought to bear upon her by a certain Jack Daws, would not argue that Margaret must necessarily also be of German sympathy. But why was it that Margaret did not know whether or not Jack Daws was the lover of Lucile? How could she help knowing the relationship between the two?

Again, when the kidnapers discovered Lindenwait in the road with Margaret, they had, when seizing him, told Margaret that "she had done them a good turn." It looked terribly sure that she had led him along that road in order that he might be captured! She had asked Lindenwait if he could forgive her, it was true, but the question had sounded like the appeal of a guilty person detected in her guilt.

But Lindenwait did not like to think that she had deliberately led him into the trap. She had seemed so much in earnest, so disinterested, so frank when he first made himself known to her in the deserted barn! She had even warned him that his notebook must be recovered before 6 o'clock in the morning—now about fourteen hours past—and she had referred to a cottage about two miles from X——, where Lucile might be found.

Lindenwait believed this to be the cottage referred to, and he wondered if Lucile were there, plotting with his kidnapers. He wondered, too, what had become of his notebook, and what use the Germans had made of it during the fourteen hours it had—according to Margaret Barley's prophecy—been in their hands. Lindenwait was moved to declare Margaret innocent for other reasons besides Keeneyes' judgment, and the impression she had produced upon him. Why should the night clerk of the X—— Hotel have gone to the trouble of creating clews against her, if she had been one of the spies? He could not have wanted a German agent arrested as the murderer of Ormsby. Again, Ormsby himself, while tied upon the bed that soon proved his deathbed, had thrown the blame upon Margaret. He would never have incriminated her, had she really been guilty.

No, in spite of appearances to the contrary, he was determined to believe her guiltless, striving only to save her sister.

When it had grown dark enough to make it safe, he began to creep very cautiously toward the cottage, and presently felt justified in leaving the weeds and bushes, to advance to the very walls. All the shades were drawn, and even when he stood at a window, no sound came to him from within.

He began to wonder if he would not be warranted in concluding, after all, that nobody was there? In that case the automobile in the rear would mean that its occupants had left on foot, but would certainly return. If he could gain entrance without discovery, might it not be possible to secrete himself within, and thus find out, when the kidnapers should return, just what they had done with his notebook? For of course he could not doubt that they and Jack Daws and Ormsby were of the same conspiracy.

The cottage was small, and it might be difficult to find in it any nook that would make concealment possible. This would be especially the case if the cottage were unfurnished. He thought it must contain four rooms without a hall. But the roof was so low that he doubted if there might be any means of reaching the space between the ceiling and the shingles. Certainly there were no windows to indicate an attic or garret.

He crept to the front door and gingerly touched the knob, at the same time straining his ears. The door was locked.

He stole around the house and approached the only other outside door, one evidently opening into the kitchen. Here he was more successful. The door opened without noise. He stood on the threshold, between the gloom of the night and the blackness of the room. With rapidly beating heart, he took a cautious step forward, then another.

Now a sound came to him from within. It was the sound of breathing. He stood as if petrified. The breathing continued, heavy and regular. It was the breathing of deep sleep, and it came up from the floor directly in front of him. Some one was asleep on the floor at his very feet.

Lindenwait, in his confusion and hesitation, did not know whether to advance or retreat. It would have been an easy matter to decide to slip away, but for one unforeseen circumstance: A noise had come to him from in front of the house—the sound of light but rapid footsteps; and these footsteps were coming around the house toward the back door, at which he was now standing. In other words, the Inventor found himsif in a strange predicament, that of being between a sleeper who might prove a bitter foe, and an advancing person who might prove not only a bitter foe, but an exceedingly dangerous one. If the one coming around the house was an accomplice of the man asleep upon the kitchen floor, any struggle with the newcomer would of course wake up the sleeper, who would then prove an ally of the newcomer.

All these reflections passed thru Lindenwait's mind with the swiftness of lightning, and added to these reflections was a fresh consideration. His ears, in growing accustomed to the sounds made in sleep, now told him that more than one person lay before him in the inky blackness—possibly, he told himself, the four men of the automobile, and their chauffeur. He realized to the full the hardihood and rashness of adventuring among these sleeping forms. But the one in the yard was coming toward the door so swiftly and with such assurance as to persuade him that it was a person fully aware of the presence of the sleep-

ers It was impossible for him to escape from the house without having several desperate men in pursuit. In a flash his mind was made up.

He would venture into the house, cost what it might. It was the only way, as he read the possibilities of the situation. He crept farther into the room, feeling cautiously with his foot, lest he step upon one of the sleepers. He was none too soon.

The breathing of the newcomer was to be heard, now, at the outside door, and the breathing came as that of one who had been running fast. Lindenwait concluded that he could make progress most quickly by feeling his way along the wall, for he supposed that the men asleep, judging from the sounds, were lying in the middle of the room.

Would the newcomer strike a light and betray his presence? That was what he most feared at this moment. He hastened his feet.

A voice from the doorway spoke guardedly: "Are you awake?"

Instantly there was a commotion, subdued but swift, among the sleepers, and Lindenwait took advantage of this noise to go faster. His hope was to feel out some door, and secure himself behind it.

Again the voice from the doorway spoke—"Are you awake?"

It was a woman's voice.

One of the men ejaculated in amazement, "It's Lucile!"

Another man exclaimed in harsh displeasure, "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I must talk to you," said Lucile, her voice quivering with excitement.

"Has anything new developed?" asked a third man. "Are you bringing us any news?"

"No," said Lucile with intensity, "but I have come to learn some from you."

The second man muttered angry but inaudible words in his throat.

A fourth man now raised his voice. "You'll get us all into terrible danger, yet. I was always opposed to the idea of—of—I always said you should never have been brought into this."

"Never mind what you always said," growled the second man. "It's what we say now that counts; or rather, it's what I say, since I'm your leader. Now, Lucile Barley, speak out at once. In the first place, we're dead for sleep. In the second place, your being here is a danger to us all as well as to yourself. And in the third place, you can do no good by being here."

"Light the lamp, Mr. Bremmer, so I can talk to you," Lucile returned. "And I shall add, that in the fourth place, I'm not afraid of you. I am in the same boat with all four of you men, and I shall insist upon being treated as such. You have always seemed to consider me an outsider, but I have always stood exactly where you stand. Light the lamp."

Lindenwait, by this time, had felt his way to a door. He tried the knob softly. Delighted at finding the door unlocked, he pushed it open and stepped into what must be either another room, or a closet. He was about to shut the door when he heard Bremmer's voice——

"No lamp's going to be lit on these premises. Are you crazy? Do you want all of us ruined? And I can't talk to you here. How do we know but spies are in the yard listening to every word you say? It's certain if a light showed up in this cottage, any passing man or woman acquainted with X—— and the people of X—— would spread the news. You must go away."

"There's nobody listening," Lucile cried violently, "and you are only pretending to be afraid there are, to put me off. But I'll not be put off any longer. You told me to come here at 6 o'clock this morning, and I came; but none of you showed up. I waited here nearly all day—no use! And now I have found you, and I'm going to know the truth about Jack Daws. Light the lamp."

Lindenwait could tell by the sounds that the men were now upon their feet. He had recognized the voices as those of the men who had thrown him into the river. If the chauffeur was present, he had not as yet spoken.

Bremmer persisted doggedly, "No light shall be lit in this house."

"Then," Lucile exclaimed, "I shall talk to you just the same. I demand to know the truth about Jack Daws."

The first speaker entered the dialog in a conciliatory tone. "Lucile, why do you ask us about Jack Daws? Surely you know more about him than we do. You have traveled with him a good deal in his covered wagon, you have tented with him by the roadside. Surely he is no mystery to you."

"But he is a mystery," she declared hotly. "I thought I knew him, but it seems I do not. Where is he now?"

"Since you must know," the leader of the men said with a snarl, "he has taken the Inventor's notebook to headquarters. It is by this time in Bernstorff's possession."

"Oh, no, it is not," retorted Lucile. "That is one thing, certainly, in which you are badly mistaken."

Bremmer returned indifferently, "As you please."

The first speaker coaxed, "Do run along now, Lucile, and let us sleep."

"Let you sleep? Not until you tell me where Jack Daws is."

Bremmer said coldly, "I have just told you."

"Yes, but it is not true."

"Then what am I to say?" he retorted sarcastically. "If you reply to any statement I make, that it's false, why should I make statements? I tell you what I believe——"

"But that is the very point: Do you really believe what you said just now?"

"I not only believe it, but know it to be the fact, that Daws has taken the notebook——"

"But he didn't have the notebook. Or rather, he didn't keep it. Of course Mr. Ormsby gave it to him. Mr. Ormsby died thinking he had it. But he didn't. He had surrendered it to Mr. Bliggs."

"Bliggs!" came four amazed voices from the darkness.

"Yes, the night clerk of the X—— Hotel. He came to Jack Daws saying you wanted the notebook, that you had to have it immediately. So Jack gave it to him and he went away with it. Jack thought he brought it to you, Mr. Bremmer."

In the room there was silence—the silence of stupefaction.

"And now," Lucile persisted, "what I want to know is—where is Jack Daws?"

Silence still. The men were trying to adjust their wits to what they had just heard. At last Bremmer asked, hardly above a whisper, "Are you sure of this?"

"I have every reason to be sure. I was present. The night clerk was very much agitated. He said he hadn't an instant to lose, that the lives of half a dozen men depended upon an immediate examination of the notebook, and that Mr. Bremmer wanted it at once. He said that as soon as Mr. Bremmer got thru with it, he would send it back by him—by Mr. Bliggs. And we waited for it and waited—but the night clerk didn't come. I came here at 6 this morning to find out what it meant—you'd said you would be here. But as you didn't come——"

"We were very busy about that time," spoke up one of the men.

Lindenwait, listening, smiled grimly in the darkness. It was at about that time in the morning that the metal ball was being fastened to his neck.

Bremmer said in a terrible voice, "The night clerk is a traitor!"

"Hold on, Bremmer," warned one of his companions, "don't be too hasty. Recall what has happened. Bliggs couldn't very well give us away without swinging on the same rope."

Bremmer said, "At any rate he is guilty of treachery. Why should he want to possess himself of that notebook? What will he do with it? He realizes the need of haste in getting it into Bernstorff's hands. Why take it away from the special messenger who was to carry it to Washington? Has he gone with it?" He turned toward the open door to address Lucile:

"Is the night clerk still at the X—— Hotel? Or has he skipped out?"

"He was there an hour ago."

One of the men said, "You see, he wouldn't dare skip out. That would nail him!"

Lucile groaned, "Then, in plain truth, none of you know where Jack Daws is?"

"After what you have told us," Bremmer admitted, "I haven't an idea."

"We know he is to be thoroly trusted," said another.

"In my opinion," said the first speaker, "he is dead."

"That's what I meant," returned the other.

For a moment there was silence in the outer room. Lindenwait, now sure that no light would be struck, still held open the door of the inner room, or closet—he had not yet had an opportunity to examine the place to which he had retreated. He listened intently for the next words that might be uttered. They were spoken by the girl in the outer doorway.

She said, in a queerly repressed voice, "If Jack Daws is dead, you know it to be a fact."

"We do not know it to be a fact," said one of the men hastily.

"We infer it from what you have told us," added another.

"I don't understand," Lucile said in agitated accents.

"But it is plain enough. His part was to take the notebook to the German ambassador and deliver it to him in person. Yet he handed it over to Bliggs, under the impression that Bliggs had orders from us to take it. This at least is your story."

"It is just what happened."

"Very well," resumed the leader, Bremmer. "Afterwards, when he found out that Bliggs had deceived him, and realized that he had failed in his most important mission, he simply—died. That is evident."

"I know what you mean," Lucile ejaculated with a note of horror in her voice. "But his failure in the instance of delivering the notebook would not be important enough to lead him to commit suicide."

"No, not that alone."

She asked abruptly, "What else had he done to drive him to such a step?"

"Lucile," Bremmer said roughly, "I will lead my men away from here and leave the house to you, if you insist. Otherwise you must go. We are dead for sleep and there is nothing to be gained by talking to you. You know as much as we know. It can profit nothing to continue discussing suppositions and hypotheses. Until you came, we thought Jack Daws had taken the notebook to Washington. How could we tell you anything when you knew more than we knew? I may think this or that; you may suspect so-and-so. But it leaves us all at the beginning of everything."

His voice softened: "Come, Lucile, we have been thru nerve-racking experiences for twenty-four hours. And we have important work ahead of us at break of day. Go to your sister and let her take care of you. Leave all this. If Jack Daws is really dead, you have no further use for us; and if he is living, of course he'll come after you. Good night, Lucile."

There was a pause.

Then Lucile said, falteringly, regretfully, "Good night."

She left. Bremmer, or one of the other men, slammed the door none too gently.

"Now," growled one, "let us see if we can get some sleep."

"But," another objected, "doesn't what we have just heard modify our plans? If it was Margaret Barley that killed Ormsby——"

"Or Jack Daws—who killed himself——" interposed another.

"All we know for sure," observed Bremmer, "is that we killed Lindenwait the Inventor. I must think this over. And as I can think best in perfect silence, you fellows may as well get all the sleep you can."

There followed the sound of men stretching out upon the floor, then the room became very still. It was not long before regular breathing indicated that some, at least, of the men were asleep.

Lindenwait had grown stiff from remaining so long in one position. He now moved with infinite caution within the second compartment, meaning to effect his escape, if possible, from the front door, and sure that whoever else might be in the land of dreams, the leader, Bremmer was wide-awake and thinking intently. On that account, he was afraid to close the door.

As there was no carpet or matting upon the floor, he was obliged to step slowly on tiptoe, as he pressed his hand against the wall. Thus he came at last to a window-ledge. A shade was drawn down almost to the sill. He placed his hand flat upon the sill for support, and took another step, then slipped his hand slowly forward. The next moment he received a terrible shock.

His hand had come in contact with another hand, also resting upon the sill. He snatched his hand away, scarcely able to repress a low cry.

He was not alone in the chamber, then. Somebody else, all this time, had been standing there, listening to the conversation between Lucile and the conspirators! What would this mysterious person do on finding himself discovered? He could hardly denounce Lindenwait as an eavesdropper without convicting himself. The unknown person, it was legitimate to conclude, must be an enemy of the conspirators; in that case, he should prove an ally for Lindenwait. Had the same thought occurred to the unknown? Was that the reason for his discreet silence?

Then Lindenwait remembered that Margaret Barley had said she would be at this cottage in the morning. Had she come again, and had she been here when the would-be murderers had entered from their automobile? Could it be the beautiful young woman who had intensely excited his imagination who now stood near him, and whose hand he had touched?

He decided that he would settle the doubt. Something must be done, and because of the compromising situation of the other, he had little fear of open exposure. Therefore he ventured to whisper, leaning forward to keep the sound as effectively cloaked as possible from the men in the adjoining room.

He whispered the question: "Margaret Barley?"

There was a pause, while his heart beat rapidly from the danger of having his inquiry overhead from the other room. Then came a very small and slender voice in response:

"Keeneyes!"

Their hands met again, this time in friendly clasp.

CHAPTER XII.

ESCAPE.

THE detective's hand gave the Inventor's hand a gentle motion indicating that he should allow himself to be led away. Taking for granted that Keeneyes was in no doubt as to his identity, Lindenwait suffered himself to be conducted toward the front of the house. Step by step, each step made with precision and slowness, they gained the front door, which was locked on the inside.

Keeneyes, who knew the way perfectly in the darkness, turned the key and opened the door softly. An agreeable night wind swept across their perspiring countenances, and the next moment the cottage was shaken by an explosive sound. The door which Lindenwait had left open, had been sucked to, arousing the echoes.

"Come!" cried Keeneyes, still holding the other by the hand. "We are lost if there's a single slip in my plan." He dashed madly around the house, followed by Lindenwait. At the same time, sounds came to them from within. They were not immediately the sounds of pursuit, but of angry argument.

"I tell you," cried the voice of Bremmer, "that the inside door was shut when we shut off our light. It was shut and latched. The key was gone, but I made sure it was latched."

"I believe it was left open," retorted another. "I locked that front door, and I was the last to come thru that door. And I left it open."

"Yes," said another, "I think, myself, that it was standing ajar."

"But even if it was ajar," said another, "how could it have slammed to?"

"It wasn't left ajar," roared Bremmer. "Get up from there—you'll lose your lives from laziness! While we're arguing——"

Keeneyes and Lindenwait had heard nothing of this but the sound of voices in angry conflict. They had made their way straight to the automobile, even tho in doing so they had been obliged to approach the back door thru which at any moment four desperate men could have rushed upon them.

Thanks to the bewilderment incident to being suddenly snatched from profound sleep, the men had given the two fugitives an advantage. Into the automobile they leaped.

"Now," exclaimed Keeneyes, "if there's a hitch in these proceedings"— as he spoke he worked with furious speed—"we're caught in a trap."

The car was a "self-starter." Before the door of the cottage had been flung open, the engine had started.

"Down as low as possible!" Keeneyes warned his companion.

The automobile started away, bouncing over the weedy ground at great speed. The silence of the night was rent by pistol shots. Bullets whizzed close to their heads. Dark forms were running toward them in the yard, frantic curses were exploding in the country solitude.

"Duck your head," Keeneyes warned. "We seem out of danger, but——"

A bullet shattered the wind-shield.

"Are you cut?" Keeneyes asked, as the glass jangled all about their feet.

"Not a bit," returned the Inventor, catching his breath which he had lost at the nearness of the danger.

"Then we're both all right," the detective announced. They were now in the big road, rushing toward X——. Far back in the road might be seen the straggling line of four impotent pursuers.

"We've won," the detective exclaimed exultantly. "I shall invite you to share my room in the X—— Hotel. Please don't refuse, Mr. Lindenwait."

"The X—— Hotel! But my dear Mr. Deteetive, surely you don't want to take me to that trap where the night clerk is ready to cut our throats!"

"It's precisely because of the night clerk that I want to go there. Of course, I don't want my throat cut, nor yours either if it can be helped——"

"Oh, thank you!" Lindenwait smiled. Then he added, "But really, I've had so many close escapes today, I doubt if I'm equal to another attempt upon my life. Those fellows tried to drown me before breakfast; and about an hour later an old fellow who claimed to be Margaret Barley's husband endeavored to blow me up with dynamite. A minute ago a bullet passed thru my hat. I'm afraid if the night clerk came thru the door with his razor, all I could do would be to utter a faint squeak and hold up my throat to him."

"Nonsense! You are sleepy, that's all. When did you take a nap last?"

"I slept two hours this afternoon. That made two hours in thirty-six."

"I see. Well, another cat-nap is due you, that's what's the matter. You shall sleep in my room at the hotel."

"But if the night clerk comes in on tiptoe?"

"I shall be there. All you'll have to do will be to go on sleeping. If I succeed in interesting the night clerk, I'll not let anybody wake you up; and if the night clerk succeeds in putting me out of commission, I warrant you he'll never let you wake up! So, whatever happens, you'll get a good long rest."

The lights of X—— appeared over the hill, then sprang nearer, and shot by them.

"Keeneyes," Lindenwait asked with deep gravity, "is it really important that I should go with you to that treacherous hotel?"

The detective answered seriously, "It is."

"Very well. It seems like taking my life in my own hand and delivering it into the night clerk's hand. But since you think it my duty, there's no more to be said."

"Good," was the only response the detective made.

The car rolled up before the X—— Hotel, and came to a standstill.

The final installment of the exploits of Keeneyes will be published in next week's Ledger. It is a triumphant day for the great detective.

Coming Back at the Court.

JUDGE (severely)—"Aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?"

Boozy Bill—"Why, bless yer honor, this place is quite respectable ter some places where I'm seen."

The Secret Meant Much to a Nation and a Girl Foiled Those Who Sought It

As the Light Flared, Man and Girl Bent Over the Huddled Figure at Their Feet.

The Message in Her Glove

By Wilder Anthony

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FRED MORROW, newly discharged prisoner, paused at the top of the courthouse steps and blinked uneasily into the waning sunlight of the late afternoon. For a moment he seemed undecided just which way to turn, then he shrugged slightly, thrust both hands deep into his pockets, and with an assumption of bravado that he did not feel walked down the long stone steps and sauntered off into the crowd. At the end of the street he hesitated again for an instant before he took the left-hand turning and quickened his pace a little. The mingling with the hurrying crowd acted upon him as a kind of cleansing process, and by the time he was half a dozen blocks from the courthouse he was beginning to feel a little more like a human being and less like a mere number, altho even one short week in jail leaves indelible memories in the mind of one who has experienced it.

"Feelin' better, Morrow?" a gruff voice asked, in genial solicitude.

The ex-prisoner, who had paused for an instant on a crowded corner, whirled about and stared at the speaker with narrowing eyes. In spite of the fact that his name had been pronounced so patly, the speaker was an absolute stranger to him. The stranger was a big man; not unduly tall, but extremely broad in the beam, with a pink, clean-shaven face and a pair of piercing blue eyes set deep between circles of fat. He was clad in a mixed-gray business suit of sober cut and a black derby hat, while a small yellow diamond shone in his black tie. He was smoking a thin black cigar and he returned Morrow's scrutiny with a good-natured grin.

"Tryin' to place me, ain't you?" he chuckled, after a short silence. "You can't do it—you don't know me. My name's Twombley—Henry Twombley, and I saw you just now over yonder." He hunched a beefy shoulder in the general direction of the courthouse.

"Well, what of it?" Morrow did not relax in the least as he snapped out the question; if anything, in fact, he stiffened perceptibly and his eyes hardened in answer to the other's grin.

"Aw now, don't take that tone." The fat man expostulated, laying a big hand on Morrow's arm in good-natured remonstrance, "I know about how you feel right now and I don't know as I blame you any; but don't jump at conclusions. I'm here to do you a good turn and you'd better let me say my say before you get huffy. Step across here and we'll talk it over."

As if taking the ex-prisoner's consent for granted, the man turned and cut diagonally across the street in the direction of a small cafe, and after an instant's hesitation Fred Morrow followed him. After all, he thought bitterly, he had little to lose.

"What'll you have?" Twombley invited, when the two sat facing each other in a quiet corner of the half-empty room with an attentive waiter hovering over them. "Bring me a small bottle of that Scotch ale, Jimmy, and a hot beef sandwich. Make it two," he added, noting Morrow's nod.

When the waiter had gone, the fat man proffered his cigar case, which Morrow declined, and bit the end from a fresh panatella.

"It's like this, Mr. Morrow," he explained, in a friendly tone. "I happened to be in court when your case came up and I heard the whole argument. Naturally, I couldn't help learnin' that you're an expert machinist out of work and that you also have been a telegraph operator; and the minute I clapped eyes on you I says to myself there's just the man for me. I need a good machinist for a little piece of work—a man, mind you—who'll keep his mouth shut. That's why I followed you. Do you get me?" He winked ponderously and leaned back as the waiter appeared with the tray.

While the man was uncorking and pouring the ale and arranging the lunch on the table, Fred Morrow did some fast thinking. He was no fool and he had already sized Twombley up as a pretty smooth citizen. Skilled machinists were numerous enough, and an employer did not need to search for one in the prisoner's dock unless the service he required was distinctly unusual. Despite the fact that he had been unjustly accused and arrested, Morrow knew that circumstances had made his case look bad and that it had been only a complete lack of direct evidence which had caused the judge to let him go free, and he felt sure that Twombley believed him to be a crook.

"What sort of work do you want done?" he asked, when the waiter was out of earshot.

"Repair work on a dynamo and sitting in at the wire occasionally when you're needed," the fat man answered slowly, his keen little eyes fastened on Morrow's face. "We—my partner and I—have discovered a little scheme that's got millions in it and we need the help of a good mechanic to pull it thru. For certain reasons that you'll learn later the thing must be kept quiet for awhile—that's why we're willin' to pay a good man top wages if he'll do what we want done and keep his mouth shut. How would a hundred a week strike you, Morrow?"

Fred Morrow almost gasped. A hundred dollars a week for such work as Twombley had just partially described was certainly big pay—too big for any legitimate purpose. It served only to strengthen his theory that the fat man was up to no good; but he kept his suspicions to himself. He needed the money, and after all, the ethics of the thing was none of his affair. The papers had thoroly aired his trial and he knew that he would find it hard to obtain work thru the ordinary channels. A man who has once been arrested finds it hard to convince any one of his honesty. Almost before he realized what he was doing the ex-prisoner found himself accepting the other man's proposition.

Twombley seemed very much pleased.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "We'll run out to the house presently and you can take a look at things." He began to demolish his sandwich, washing down huge mouthfuls of the food with draughts of the heavy ale, and for a few minutes, while Morrow also ate, there was silence.

When they had done, Twombley paid for the meal and led the way outside and down the street to where a neat little runabout was standing against the curb.

"Our place is a little ways out of town," he explained, as they sat down and he settled a thick-soled shoe on the self-starting button.

Morrow nodded and sank back in the comfortable seat, while the little car gathered headway. By this time the short December twilight was giving way to darkness. As they dodged along the lighted street the ex-prisoner watched his companion covertly, trying to make up his mind just what the man's game could be. But for all his surface geniality and good nature Henry Twombley was hard to probe. As he drove his machine at a rapid rate over the smooth road, which at that hour was not crowded, his fat face with its pendulous lower lip and heavy jowls was as innocent and expressionless as that of a young child, tho his hard little eyes carried a knowing look as they focused on the road ahead. There was a mystery behind those eyes, Morrow told himself; and now and then he caught a cruel glint in them, which warned him that Twombley would be a bad man to cross.

About two miles beyond the city limits the fat man abruptly swung his car off the main road and began to twist about thru a maze of narrow lanes and byways, all the time traveling at a pace that made his passenger's head reel. So recklessly did he drive, taking many of his corners literally on two wheels, that Morrow was too busy hanging on to notice in the darkness exactly where he was being taken. He had merely made a note of the fact that they were keeping about due north from the city, when the car made a particularly violent swerve and left the street it was on to pass between stone gateposts and enter a long, narrow, graveled driveway, which wound between tall trees. A few seconds later it came to an abrupt stop beneath the porte-cochere of a large white house. Almost before the car was at complete standstill Twombley leaped to the ground and seized Morrow by the arm, fairly dragging him up the wide stone steps and thru the heavy oak door, which was held open by a seedy-looking servant. The mechanic had only time to note that the house was extremely large, built in old colonial style, and set in the center of a dense grove of trees, when he found himself in the musty, badly lighted hall.

Twombley paused here for an instant and said something to the man-servant in a foreign tongue which Morrow did not understand; then he conducted his guest into a small room at the rear of the hall.

"Make yourself at home, Morrow," he said, "while I hunt up my partner. I won't be gone long."

He left the room and closed the door after him.

Fred Morrow examined his surroundings curiously. He was in a high-studded, oblong chamber, containing a small walnut table and three chintz-covered chairs. The walls, entirely destitute of pictures or other ornament, had been covered years before with a dark-colored paper, which had peeled badly in several places; the floor was of stained hardwood and without either rug or carpet. The room had two windows set side by side in the wall opposite the door, and with the idea of getting a partial view of the neighborhood Morrow peered thru them only to find that they were closely shuttered on the outside.

It was a wonderfully silent house. Not a sound broke the stillness in that damp and musty room, which did not look as tho it had been entered by any one for months. Morrow was studying the patchy wall and ceiling and trying for the hundredth time to make up his mind what kind of "scheme" it could be that required such an environment, when a faint sound struck his ears. It was a scraping, scratching sound, not unlike that made by a gnawing mouse, and it seemed to come from the shadow in one corner of the room. Morrow was deciding that the old house must be infested by rats, when there came a soft thud. Something had dropped on the floor not far from his feet.

For an instant, a little startled and tremendously puzzled, he gazed at the thing. Then he stooped and picked it up. It was a woman's white kid glove, rolled into a compact lump. During a few seconds of dumfounded surprise Fred Morrow stared at it, and he was just in the act of raising his eyes to the ceiling to try to make out the opening thru which the strange missile must have come, when he was roused by the sound of steps in the hall. He had just time to pocket the glove when Twombley appeared, followed closely by an incredibly tall man of somewhat clerical aspect.

"My partner, Mr. Wilkinson," the fat man opened, by way of introduction. "We'll show you around now, if you like, Morrow."

He led the way down the hall, which extended into the bowels of the building, and Morrow followed him to be followed in turn by the tall man, who thus far had not opened his mouth. At the end of the passage they descended a short flight of steps and passed thru a small door into a low-ceiled room. As he brushed by the door Fred Morrow did not fail to notice that it was of oak,

heavily plated with iron and apparently quite new.

"Our work here is secret and highly important," Twombley observed, catching the mechanic's look, "and we must guard against intrusion. There are some people who would give a good deal to get in here."

Morrow looked around curiously. The place was fitted up as a workshop with a long bench and a quantity of tools, all of which showed signs of usage. At one end was a small dynamo and a gasoline engine, while at the other was a large, drum-shaped cylinder, from which two heavy wires extended up thru the ceiling. The windows were very small and set high in the walls, and the room was lighted by an electric cluster in the middle of the ceiling.

Having partially satisfied his curiosity and not wishing to seem unduly inquisitive, Morrow stepped over to the dynamo.

"This is what you want me to look over, I suppose?" he inquired casually.

"Yes," Twombley answered, with a nod. "It doesn't refuse to run exactly, but it doesn't produce the power it should. You'll locate the trouble all right, I expect; but I don't imagine you can do much with it until daylight."

"Probably not," Morrow admitted, a little dryly. "It is a new type of machine to me, but they all are very much alike and I think I shall be able to handle it all right, altho it may take considerable time."

"Well, there's no especial hurry," the fat man rejoined. "What we want is results, altho, of course, we'd like to have things in working order as soon as we can. You'll find plenty of tools over there, I think." He indicated the work bench with a wave of his hand.

Morrow nodded and took off his coat. When he had pulled on a pair of greasy overalls which hung on the wall, he selected a wrench from among several on the bench and began to dismantle the dynamo. Twombley sat down on an empty box and lit a cigar, while his partner, after watching Morrow work for a few minutes and saying something in the same foreign tongue that the fat man had used to the servant, left the room. From the apparent interest he took in the work and the way his keen little eyes dwelt on his every movement, Morrow guessed that Twombley meant to remain with him for some time at least—a discovery which did not at all suit the mechanic.

Ever since he had pocketed the glove he had been burning up with desire to unroll it and see what it contained, for he was sure, somehow, that it did contain something which would help to fathom the mystery of the place he was in. For half an hour, however, he schooled himself to patience and an appearance of keen interest in his work, tho his mind was busy with the problem of escaping Twombley's eyes long enough to examine the glove. He had taken the dynamo almost entirely apart when he finally threw down his wrench and straightened up.

"I shall have to quit for the night," he told Twombley, as he wiped his hands on a bit of waste. "This light, tho good, is not good enough for the work I have ahead of me—I shall need daylight and plenty of it."

Twombley nodded. "I was going to suggest a halt," he said. "It's getting late and we're early to bed in this house. Come out to the dining-room and we'll get a bite to eat before we turn in."

An hour later, left to himself in a little bedroom on the top floor, Fred Morrow took the glove from his pocket and eagerly unrolled it. A faint scent, oozing out of the soft kid as he did this, caused him to tingle pleasurably; and he concluded from the delicacy of this scent and the small size of the glove that its owner was a young woman of good birth. From this it was only a step to further conclusions, and by the time the long glove was spread out across his knees he was building air castles around a beautiful girl who was being persecuted by a gang of miscreants.

At first, however, the glove seemed barren of all clews. Nothing was wrapped up in it, and Morrow was becoming very much puzzled and not a little disappointed when he chanced to turn it inside out. Here, written with a soft lead pencil in large letters, was the following:

"Leave this house instantly! Don't delay one minute, but go to the police and have them capture the men who live here. I am starving! For God's sake bring help before they kill us both!"

Fred Morrow read thru this strange message a number of times before he laid it down. He then searched his pockets for tobacco and papers, and deliberately rolled himself a cigarette. Under the soothing influence of the smoke his chaotic thoughts gradually took shape. So that was the game, eh? Twombley and Wilkinson had a woman locked up somewhere in the building whom they were starving. Somehow the prisoner had learned of his arrival and had managed to warn him without the knowledge of her jailers. But why was the girl a prisoner and why should her captors starve her?

The machinist shook his head hopelessly when he came to this point in his thoughts. Altho from the beginning he had sized Twombley up as a crook, he could not understand what part the girl had in the game, or why the two men should wish to kill him—Morrow—unless they were afraid he might talk. And what if he did talk? What could he tell? After all, with the possible exception of the glove, he had no real evidence of anything criminal, and for all he knew the message in his lap might be a hoax. This latter supposition did not, however, strike Morrow as being at all plausible. He felt that the girl, whoever she was, was in peril and he felt that she could tell him all that he wanted to know if he could manage a talk with her. For the present, at least, he decided that he would not try to get word to the police, for he felt that they would laugh at his story, especially since his record as an ex-prisoner was against him. At the end of an hour's careful deliberation he determined to find the girl that very night and have a talk with her.

With this idea in mind he turned off the light in his room and lay down fully clothed upon the bed to wait for the time when he would dare to search for the prisoner. From what he already knew of the house he guessed that the room he wished to find was on the same floor as his own and near the back of the building, since it must be directly above the room in which he had picked up the glove. Once Twombley and Wilkerson had gone to sleep, he thought that he stood a good chance of locating the room, tho he realized that, counting the servant, the odds against him would be at least three to one in case he were discovered, to say nothing of the fact that he was entirely unarmed and unfamiliar with his surroundings.

It was a little after 1 o'clock when Morrow, carrying his shoes in his hand, tiptped across the bare floor of his room and cautiously opened the door. For several minutes he stood on the threshold, peering into the gloom and listening for any suspicious sound; but he heard nothing. A noise-throttling silence held the entire house and not even the ticking of a clock could be heard, as the adventurer softly crept along the hall toward a window at one end thru which came a faint stream of moonlight. This window, Morrow judged, was at the rear end of the building.

His Fingers Closed on a Thick Wrist, Which He Bent Sharply Upward.

Proceeding as silently as a shadow, he finally reached the little patch of moonlight and stopped at the edge of it to study a door on the left hand side of the hall. His sense of direction told him that the room it opened into must be the one which held the prisoner and he wondered how he could warn her of his presence without arousing anybody else. The door was old and worn, tho solid-looking; but Morrow's eyes brightened when he saw that it was fastened by a heavy bolt on the outside. For a little he hesitated; then he tapped lightly on one of the panels.

At the end of a minute or two, hearing no response to his tapping, he gently slid the bolt and tried the knob. It turned easily and he was in the act of pushing the door open, when a faint rustling on the other side caused him to stop and listen breathlessly. A second later came a light "tap—tap" on the inside of the door. With a grin at the success of his search the adventurer softly pushed the door inward and edged around it into the room, raising one hand in a gesture of silence as he did so.

Dressed in a loose, flowing robe of some soft, dark material and holding a lighted candle in one hand, while the other clutched the robe together at her throat, a tall, slender girl stood in the middle of the room, staring toward the door with puzzled, frightened eyes. In the flickering glare of the candle she seemed incredibly thin and her emaciated face had dark hollows under the feverish eyes, which glittered oddly from beneath a halo of loosely piled bronze hair. She was a strangely beautiful and tragic picture as she stood there and for a little Fred Morrow returned her stare with interest; then he swung the door to behind him.

"You—you've come to take me away?" the girl whispered brokenly. "I am ready. We must hurry, sir. We must hurry before those devils learn that you have dared to come here. They'll kill us both if we——"

"Steady now! You mustn't let yourself go, miss," Morrow interrupted her, in a soothing tone. "No one knows that I got your message or that I have found you. What is the trouble? Who are these men, and why have they locked you up?"

"They want some plans," the girl answered tensely, seemingly more controlled, tho still pitifully weak and agitated. "They have kept me here three days and nights with nothing but water for a diet, trying to make me tell what they want. I think they would murder me instantly if they had the plans. It has been my only chance—to keep them guessing."

"Plans? What plans?" Morrow asked, in puzzled tone, when she paused for breath. "And who are these men? Remember, I don't know anything at all about this business."

"The Dawson plans," the girl whispered, "the plans for the 'submarine killer,' you know. It will end the war whenever they can get it in operation—at least that's what the experts claim. I was Maxwell Dawson's confidential secretary, and these men seized me one night when I was on my way home from the city. They are German secret agents and they have a hidden wireless plant here in this house. We are not far from the coast, you know; and I think they communicate in code with some submarine base. Then the wireless broke down and they got you. I heard them talking it over yesterday. I dropped the glove down to you; but I hadn't time to——"

She suddenly broke off and collapsed into a chair as tho too weak to say anything more.

Fred Morrow caught his breath in one huge gulp. The thing was fairly clear to him now and it was a bigger thing than he had conceived of. The presence of the dynamo and that odd drum-like affair in the workshop was explained. It was some new-fangled type of wireless machine that he had been brought there to tune up.

"Spies, eh!" he muttered aloud. "I might have guessed as much. No wonder they're mighty careful who they let into this house. You're quite right, Miss. We must get out of this instantly. Are you able to travel?"

The girl nodded quickly. "I can do anything that will get me away from here," she declared. "But we must hurry. Twombley sleeps like a cat and Max, the servant, is always prowling about at night. Remember, they are desperate men and they will shoot you on sight."

Fred Morrow nodded grimly and opened the door a little to peer into the hall. Everything seemed quiet, and he was inwardly chuckling over the ease with which he had eluded the enemy, when he was frozen in his tracks by the sound of a stealthy footfall on the stairs. Some one—the servant probably—was prowling around; and for a tense second or two the adventurer held his breath. But the sound was not repeated, and he was debating the chance of reaching the lower hall and eventually the street, when the lights blazed up in the passage and Henry Twombley's fat, pajama-clad figure appeared at its farther end. In his hand the German held a long-barreled revolver.

Springing back into the room, for all effort at concealment was useless now, Morrow slammed the door and drove the blade of his pocket knife into a crack in the casing in lieu of a bolt, for there was no lock on the inner side, then he wedged the back of the chair under the knob.

"It's Twombley," he explained to his companion, who watched with frightened eyes. "We must try the window—it's our only chance."

"But the shutters," the girl exclaimed. "They're very strong and we've nothing to force them with." She swept the room with a hopeless glance. Save for the one chair, a cheap dressing-stand and a bed, the room was empty.

Morrow snatched the candle to the window and hurriedly examined the shutters only to find that his companion had spoken truly. Without tools of some kind it would be utterly impossible for him to break thru the heavy planks in time to effect an escape. When they turned the room into a prison cell, the spies had taken pains to make it a good one. With a little shrug and a grim squaring of his jaws, Morrow put down the candle and turned to the girl; time was very precious and already his mind was working on a fresh scheme.

"The hole thru which you threw the glove?" he questioned. "Where is it?"

"Over there.' She pointed to one shadowy corner. "There's a loose board and an opening thru the plaster beneath; but it's very small."

Raising the board she pointed out to him, Morrow knelt and quickly examined the upper side of the ceiling below. The laths and plaster were old and half rotten, and a glance told him that he would have little trouble in making an opening sufficiently large for his purpose providing he could devise some way of keeping the falling plaster from warning the enemy of what he was up to. For a moment he thought swiftly, then he took a sheet from the bed and fashioned it into a rough bag by tying the four corners together. Passing the lower part of the bag thus formed thru the small hole already made in the ceiling, he worked it around until it had bulged enough to catch and hold the dislodged plaster. Then he showed the girl how to hold it from above while he went to work on the opening.

During the minutes which had elapsed since his glimpse of Twombley in the hall there had not been a sound to indicate what the fat man and his friends were up to, and Morrow, as he tore at the crumbling plaster regardless of injury to hands and finger nails, began to hope that they might get to the lower floor before any decisive step was taken against them. With this thought uppermost in his mind he worked feverishly, and in remarkably few minutes the aperture was big enough to admit his body. When he was sure of this the adventurer pulled up the sheet and deposited it with its load of debris on the floor; then he leaned down thru the hole and strove to pierce the darkness for some sign of the enemy. For obvious reasons he had extinguished the candle before he began his work.

Somewhere on the ground floor a clock struck twice, and at the sudden noise Morrow's muscles tautened with a jerk, as he stared down into the inky blackness. But the room beneath him was absolutely still. Reassured after several seconds of tense waiting and listening, he whispered a few directions to his companion and let himself down by his hands until he could drop softly to the floor below. Almost as his stockinged feet touched the boards some one seized him around the shoulders and he

felt a warm snuffling breath against his neck.

Whirling around, Morrow tried to break the vise-like hug which was slipping toward his throat. But the assailant's strength was tremendous and Morrow was losing ground rapidly, when he managed to hook his knee violently up into the fellow's stomach. There was a grunt and a gasp, and the grip on Morrow's throat relaxed; but before he could spring away something swished thru the air and a thing like a hot iron pierced his side. Calling upon all his strength, Morrow swung his right fist toward the spot where he could vaguely make out his adversary's head. There was a thud as the hard knuckles met bare flesh and a dull crash as the enemy went to the floor. Then silence.

Morrow pulled himself together with a grimace of pain. He was panting from his exertions and he knew that the burn in his side had been caused by a knife blade; already he could feel a warm trickle along his thigh, and he wondered how deep he had been stabbed. The thought was driven from his mind, however, by a sound from above.

"Are you all right?" the girl whispered anxiously.

There was a note of distress in her voice that brought a sweet thrill to Morrow's bounding pulses.

"Yes—I think so," he replied, "but we must get out of this before the fellow wakes up. Let yourself down to me by your arms and bring the candle."

She did as he told her, and half a minute later she was standing at his side, panting a little from weakness and excitement, but fearless. Morrow struck a match and lighted the candle she handed him, with fingers that trembled in spite of his efforts to control them. He knew that the light was risky, but he had to get his bearings before he went any farther and he wanted to arm himself with the weapons of the man he had stunned, so as to be ready for others.

As the light flared, both man and girl bent over the huddled figure at their feet, and Fred Morrow started slightly when he recognized the man-servant, for he had expected to find that his opponent had been Twombley.

"Anyhow it's one of 'em," he muttered as he stooped to pick up the long knife, still half clinched in the fellow's hand, "now for——"

He was cut short by the scuffle of feet somewnere in the hall.

Fred Morrow snuffed the candle and grasped his companion's arm all in one motion. He was still mindful of the revolver he had glimpsed in Twombley's hand and he knew that he could cope with the odds against him better in the dark. For an instant he stood rigid, but when there was no repetition of the sound his muscles relaxed.

"We must reach the outside door," he softly told the girl. "Turn to the right after we leave the room—if we are attacked, you must go on alone, if you can, and bring help. Follow me quietly and whatever happens don't lose your head. Remember that there's lots at stake and we must get word to the police."

Her grasp on his arm tightened. "I understand," she said simply, "and I'll do my best."

Holding her by the hand, Morrow crept across the room and groped with his free hand until he found the door knob, which he turned noiselessly. Like all of that silent house, except for the short interval when Twombley had pushed the button in the upper hall, the lower floor was dark as a vault, and it was fortunate that Morrow remembered the way to the front door, for he could not see a foot in front of his nose. He had progressed about a dozen steps, and was beginning to hope that they might reach their destination without interruption, when he collided with a heavy figure which grunted in surprise and wrapped him in a bearlike embrace.

Giving his companion a violent push to one side, Morrow heaved himself against his new foe, groping for the hand which he guessed must hold a weapon. He was successful in this, for his fingers closed on a thick wrist, which he bent sharply back and upward with a quick wrench. As he did so there was a blinding flash and a loud roar almost in his eyes; then came the sound of a woman's scream and the thud of running steps in the upper hall.

The flash of the shot, sharp and unexpected as it was, had given Morrow one vivid glimpse of his opponent. It was Twombley. For a little the two men swayed this way and that, Morrow trying to keep the revolver turned away from his body, while the spy strove desperately to wrench it free; finally they fell to the floor with a crash. With a quick twist, which sent an agonizing flame thru his wounded side, Morrow managed to fall on top; but he did not stay there long. Despite a fat and awkward figure, Twombley seemed to possess the muscles and agility of a grizzly, and the two men had not been on the floor ten seconds before Morrow was on his back with the German's thick fingers gripping at his windpipe. The revolver had been lost in the struggle.

"I've got you now," Twombley wheezed exultantly, as his grip tightened. "Curse your interfering eyes! I'll gouge 'em out of you in a minute."

Morrow struggled desperately; but weak from loss of blood he was no match for the man on top of him and he was being relentlessly choked into unconsciousness, when a reverberating crash echoed and re-echoed thru the house. With a snarl of baffled fury the spy loosened his grip and straightened up to search for his revolver; somewhere in the house a man swore loudly in German, the lights blazed up, and a woman's voice kept shouting the words, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Dimly hearing all this and aware that he was at last free of the weight on his chest, Morrow staggered blindly to his hands and knees and turned toward the door; then something struck him a heavy blow on the head, stars danced in his eyes, and everything went black.

It was half an hour later when Fred Morrow opened his eyes to find himself still lying on the floor. For a little he lay still, but as his senses more fully returned and he began to remember what had happened and what he had still to do, he sat up and tried to rise to his feet. Then for the first time he noticed that several men were in the hall, one of whom stood looking down at him in a solicitous way. For a bit the wounded man took all this in vaguely, waiting for his reeling head to clear; suddenly he became conscious of some one bending over him and of cool, slim fingers stroking his forehead. Looking up, he gazed full into the eyes of the girl whom he had found in the room upstairs; but she was smiling now, not scared-looking as he had last seen her.

"What is it? Where's Twombley?" he muttered, still struggling to get to his feet.

"It's all right," she assured him, pushing him gently back, "you mustn't try to stand. Twombley is under arrest and so are Wilkinson and Max. The Government secret service finally got on my trail and they arrived just in time to save us both. You're not very badly hurt, but you must keep quiet until the doctor comes."

"I—the submarine plans, they're safe?" he voiced the thought that seemed to be troubling him.

"Of course," she answered. "You came in time, but I'm afraid I'd have told in another day or two if I'd been left alone."

He shook his head slightly and smiled.

"No you wouldn't, not you," he said, in a stronger tone. "Those dogs could never have made you quit. You're all right—always!"

It Was Strange That From All the Women in the World Fate Should Unerringly Pick Out

THE ONE MOST WORTHY

By Deber Mack

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

WHEN Rufus Williams lay on his deathbed, he sent for his old friend Galbraith, who came without delay.

"I want you to undertake rather a strange service for me," the sick man explained. "I ask it of you because you have proved yourself my friend and because it is the most earnest wish I have. My earthly stay is limited—a few months at most. As you are aware, I have no relatives and but few friends. If my son——" He stopped to sigh before he hurriedly went on, "You are the only one I'd want to leave my wealth to, and you have more than enough of your own. I realize that mine would be to you more of a burden than a blessing."

Galbraith gravely assented.

"There are the charitable institutions, as my lawyer suggested," the sick man continued, "but I have a distaste for posing as a philanthropist. Without a real interest in their purpose I feel that a bequest to them would be merely ridding myself of an incubus. I want—I want you to——"

He paused, breathing laboriously. Galbraith sprang forward, but with the will that had sustained him thru seventy years of life's buffetings, the old man motioned his friend to be seated.

"Don't be frightened. I shall last till you have found her—a certain woman, I mean—the one most worthy to inherit my fortune."

Galbraith's face expressed bewilderment.

"Some one you know?" he asked at length.

"Possibly. How can I tell?" The tone was childishly peevish. "You are younger and stronger than I and have better judgment, so you must decide that. Whoever she is, single or married, rich or poor, young or old, she exists, I tell you. She haunts me. I want to find out why she is worthy and where she is. That is what you are to do for me. My lawyer has drawn up my will with the exception of filling in her name as legatee. Lose no time. Begin the search at once."

"Very well." Galbraith prepared to go. "Are you quite sure it is a woman?"

"Quite. Galbraith, you are the best man I have known in a lifetime's contact with selfish humanity. Can you say that you have made a conscious effort to be deserving of the term worthy?"

The other shook his head.

"Then, of course, it is a woman. There must be—there is—one somewhere who is different from any I have known."

Galbraith left with promises to do his best. Half the night he made plans for the accomplishment of the strange mission, only to discard them at dawn. The lack of details in his friend's request left him rudderless. All he could do was to drift with his eyes and ears open for inspiration. Accustomed to pursue definite plans along established lines, Galbraith found in this service a hint of the supernatural. He conceived the idea of trusting to inclination to guide him in the pursuit. This led him to an early stroll in the public park.

While he was passing a maple-screened settee, a man's words attracted his attention. "You have lived such a life of sacrifice, Mary, that I don't believe you need another test." Galbraith turned and walked slowly by again, but the conversation of the unseen couple told him little more. Seating himself near by, he waited until the others rose and passed him. The woman's elderly face, peaceful and saintly, gave promise of the fulfillment of his quest.

Following closely, Galbraith learned that the man, a brother, was trying to induce the woman to defer some undertaking, but the conversation furnished no clew to it. The listener was about to turn away when the man broke out impatiently:

"Argument is useless. You may as well die in their service as in any other way. I will get your ticket, then, and meet you at the Union Station at 2 this afternoon. I suppose they sent you no money for a berth."

"I—I would as soon do without," came the hurried answer.

"Of course," the man agreed, "but I shall see that your journey to Fairfort is comfortable."

They separated at the gate of the park. Galbraith hurried after.

"Pardon me," he panted as he caught up with the other man, "but I heard you mention that your companion is going to Fairfort. As I am also going, it occurred to me that you might like me to look after her." He extended his card.

Galbraith's resolution had, in fact, been formed on the instant. The quest was a serious matter—so much so that it was important to neglect nothing which appeared hopeful. Aside from this, he loved adventure and courted the novel impression that he was guided by inexplainable forces.

Fortunately the man knew of Galbraith and accepted the offer. Altho Galbraith tried to learn more of his traveling companion, he was unsuccessful until their three days' journey was almost completed. She was even better than she appeared. Her life had been one of unselfishness and sacrifice, of patient attention to duty; but he bade her a final adieu. While she had undergone trials, he decided, she had felt no special temptations or longings and had at all times been sustained by a deeply religious nature.

Within an hour after reaching Fairfort, he was on another track. It led him to a cabin on the edge of a mining camp. A mother, deserted and in want, helpless and ill, told him of the tragedies of her life. Galbraith went away with a sigh, altho a generous check lay in the weak hands. In all her sorrows she had been upheld by the love of her children. She had received her reward.

In the succeeding weeks, Galbraith almost despaired of finding the one he sought. He discovered many worthy women, doers of good deeds, but no one most worthy. Some had shown patience and fortitude under tribulations; some were helping weaker ones. Each, he found, was upheld by some trait of character. A woman whose chief virtue is patience, he reasoned, is not deserving of special reward when she exhibits it. Worthier is the one who develops it. Should the woman who is not tempted be extolled for virtue?

Galbraith paced the floor while devising

A Mother Deserted and in Want—Helpless and Ill.

and rejecting new plans. He saw past the fancy of a dying man who wished to leave his belongings in an odd legacy. He had caught the impulse which stirred the hard, disappointed old man to recognize and reward the struggles of a soul. It obsessed him; became a sacred obligation, beyond the limits of friendship. While he wished to satisfy the dying man, the desire was secondary to his own intensity of pursuit. Like his friend, he felt the one most worthy did exist and that he should find her. He took his hat and went outside.

With eyes and ears open, he boarded a car, seating himself behind two women. One, kindly and soft-voiced, was responding to the remarks of her rather loud companion, a hard-looking blonde.

"And who do you suppose I saw on the street today?" the blonde demanded in her high-pitched voice. "Kitty Williams, who used to live in Coulterville, you know. Of course I didn't speak to her, altho we were real chummy at one time before——"

"I remember." The soft voice held an indignant note. "I have seen her twice since I came down, but only at a distance. You know, of course, that she married again."

"No! Of all things! Who'd want her?"

"She is happily married, this time, I am glad to say. Her husband is a mining engineer, but so badly crippled by rheumatism that she works in Clyde & Camp's in order to support him."

"Why, that's where I'm going now. What department?"

"The hair section. I hope——"

"I'll go there to get a new switch. I couldn't see real well, when I passed her, if she'd aged much after her life——"

"Sh! If you do go there, remember that she is a sister, more unfortunate than we have been, with greater temptations. Treat her kindly."

The blonde tossed her head.

"She made her own bed. I don't see as she deserves any special considerations."

"I'm not sure that she isn't a better woman than either of us. I—I think I shall go along, too."

Galbraith's determination took a similar bent. With the women leading, he followed into Clyde & Camp's large establishment and seated himself at the handkerchief section close to the two whose conversation had held him with its hope of finding the one he sought. It being bargain day at the handkerchief counter, he could fix his attention elsewhere without interruption.

He studied the saleswomen at the hair section. One was placid and portly; another had an exceedingly plain face devoid of expression. After the first glance Galbraith rejected both; but when a third came forward, hope rose again.

She appeared little over 20. In spite of her plain black gown and simple coiffure, there was something unusual and striking about her which was not due to her dainty features and form, her rich coloring and bright hair. There was character in her face and dignity in her manner. Galbraith noticed that she flushed but slightly as she inquired of the older woman in quite an impersonal way:

"Something in hair goods?"

"Kitty!" came the soft-voiced protest. "Have you forgotten me?"

"Indeed not, Mrs. Damon." Surprise

and pleasure shone in her face as she clasped the extended hand.

"Or me?" added the blonde a bit uncertainly, evidently trying to please Mrs. Damon.

"I don't forget any one who wants me to remember her," the girl answered. "What can I show you?"

The conversation resumed a business trend. Occasionally the blonde essayed a pointed allusion, which was serenely disregarded. Galbraith turned his attention to Mrs. Damon, who was next to him. Presenting his card and a letter from his banker, he asked if he might see her privately on a matter of great importance. She regarded him earnestly and then glanced at her companions who were engrossed in the examination of switches.

"It concerns the saleswoman," Galbraith explained.

"That makes a decision easy," she smiled. "My husband and I are stopping at the Erlich. I will see you this evening after dinner."

Later in the day Galbraith himself visited the hair section of Clyde & Camp's. He was fortunate enough to be waited upon by the young woman in whom he was interested. The switch he bought to match a sample of his own hair served his purpose. He discovered beneath the girl's calm manner sufficient to warrant his conviction that he had at last found some one more than ordinarily promising.

When he sent up his card at the Erlich, Mrs. Damon and her husband came down at once. After a few explanations, they took him to their room that they might talk without interruption. He was elated with what he heard. With a letter of introduction he visited the tiny brick cottage occupied by the girl and her invalid husband. It was Sunday, so both were at home. The next day he departed on the first and speediest eastbound train. With scarcely a halt for rest he reached the bedside of his friend, who showed a rapid decline.

"I'm glad you've come," with difficulty spoke the sick man. "I know you have found her."

"Yes. Here is her photograph."

The dim eyes scrutinized the fair face.

"Only a girl," he commented after an anxious pause. "But there's something fine in her face. Proceed."

"You have shown me how to begin," Galbraith returned. "She was only a girl when the story commenced; is only a girl now that the story is practically ended."

The old man commanded the nurse to prop him up that he might listen with

The Woman's Face Gave Promise of the Fulfillment of His Quest.

more comfort, after which he motioned her to leave the room.

"When Kitty Foster became the bride of Jack Williams, she was but 15 while he was 40. Mrs. Damon, their next-door neighbor, described her as an adorant, inexperienced child with a woman's physical development. She was as pretty as she was uneducated and frivolous. Jack owned a saloon. He bribed Kitty with promises of fine clothes and furniture and an attractive cottage; and she thought these the best things life could offer after an unhappy girlhood filled with drudgery and strife. The family agreed with her to the extent of overlooking Jack's unfitness from every point of view. He was good looking enough and sufficiently smooth-tongued to deceive persons who wished to be deceived; popular among the

"Something in Hair Goods?"

sporty class; degenerate. The best to be said of him in his relation to Kitty was that he was sober on his wedding day, a condition he thought too troublesome to preserve.

"Kitty did more than enjoy her new clothes. She developed a housewifely ability which somewhat atoned for her pitiable ignorance. She took intense pride in the spotlessness of her home. She became a fine cook and she learned to sew. Jack boasted of her accomplishments, brought his friends to meals, and bought her costly, inappropriate gowns to wear to the public balls. Too drunk to take her, he thrust her upon one or another of his cronies, with profane descriptions of his method of dealing with false friends.

"At the end of the year Kitty was sewing with a radiant, womanly look on the pretty face which had before reflected nothing stronger than amiability. The expression grew almost divine when her baby was laid in her arms. After four days the little one's fluttering breath ceased; and the nurse was careful to mention only to trusted friends that it would not have been 'right' if it had lived.

"If Kitty felt any disappointment, it was submerged by the interest she exhibited in her new spring wardrobe, which showed more taste while growing more lavish. Each time she appeared in public she attracted more attention. People began to say that she was too good and too handsome for Jack. She offered no comment when Jack expressed pleasure that there was no 'squallin' kid to bother,' but her face took on the wistfulness of an unrealized ambition. This grew with the months. There was no one else to appreciate her home—no one to whom it meant an ideal, not merely a place where the senses might be indulged. Even to her it was but the empty shell of her ideal. Her improved tastes demanded something finer than a coarse, drunken husband. The feeling grew until her home tasks became hateful, her husband an object of loathing. She was seen more and more frequently in public. People whispered that other men besides Jack appreciated her beauty.

"Among Kitty's admirers were some altogether out of her station, who would never have danced with her and flattered her in any place except the small mining town. To the ignorant girl but one conclusion was possible. She could have done better if she had not married Jack who showed increasing bestiality. There was Doctor Markle. He embodied her vague ideal and was a fit man to be a husband and a father. He reflected cleanliness and refinement instead of obscenity. Having seen all at once that she had a chance for happiness, she gave rein to her desire. She had not been taught restraint or anything else which might have directed her in the crisis, remember."

The sick man spoke suddenly.

"I am strangely interested, but my strength is leaving. Hurry. I can see the result—the attention of the doctor, violence from the husband."

"Not precisely. Jack threatened and the doctor went out prepared. Both shot, but the doctor's bullet carried death. He was acquitted. The whole town turned out to the funeral. Kitty, dry-eyed and handsome in her black gown, bore herself with dignity under the curious eyes.

"When Jack's affairs were settled, Kitty learned that she possessed absolutely nothing after his debts were paid. The cottage and furniture, which were not in her name, went to satisfy creditors. Only her pretty clothes were left. She waited what she considered a proper interval before she sent for Doctor Markle. The lure for him was gone. The excitement of pursuit, hedged with danger, was over. With scarcely less brutality than Jack might have shown, he told her he had no taste for an ignorant, common wife. He ridiculed her reproaches of broken promises, tired of her devotion, shunned her. Kitty could cry then.

"The day came when, robbed of her last desperate hope, ostracized and in actual want, she followed the path always open to a silly, disappointed girl. People no longer heard her name except in saloons. Wasn't it pathetic that before she was 20 she had run the gamut of a woman's experiences without knowing one of a woman's joys?"

"No, friend," Galbraith explained as he noted the impatient gesture, "the tale does not end there. If it did, I should not have dwelt so on its sordidness. This is the story of a woman with nothing except an ideal to sustain her in the blackest hours a woman can know. Kitty had no religion and had lost faith in men. Thru force of circumstances she lived a life of shame; but by and by her ideal, vague until then, found definite shape. She dreamed of a home where love and virtue reigned. When she saw the gulf she had placed betwen herself and this ideal, she was terrified.

"With childish haste she tried to cross. Each failure intensified her desire. At last she went to Fairfort, and after endless discouragements, found work as a housemaid. You can guess, of course, that some one discovered her and passed her story on, but in cherishing her ideal she had grown strong. She begged for a chance, and one woman, more charitable than most, took her in. She remained there as a servant until she mastered a business course at night school. With her employer's recommendation she obtained a place in Clyde and Camp's department store, where I found her after four years.

"She is married again, this time happily. Her husband is a man of breadth of intellect and sympathy. Before she took his name, she told him all her shameful past. When he recovers from an illness which has rendered him incapable of supporting her, she will give up the place in the store and find joy in the duties of her home. She is a strong and wise woman now. So you see the story has a pleasant ending, after all.

"I can guess the question on your tongue. I have my answer ready. She is the one most worthy because, out of the ignorance, the narrowness and the slime of her life she came out remolded and refined into a good woman, true to her single worthy ideal. With neither mental nor moral courage, with her one asset, beauty, a snare to her feet, and with no sustaining principle, she realized the uplifting desire of her heart."

Galbraith paused. His friend, greatly excited, put forth a trembling hand to touch the electric bell.

"My lawyer, quick!" he ordered, as the nurse ran in.

With his hands full of legal papers the lawyer hurried to the beside.

"What is the woman's name, Galbraith?" the sick man demanded

"Kitty True, now. Before that her surname was the same as yours."

A sudden alertness brightened the dim eyes.

"Did you say where she formerly lived?"

"Perhaps not: but it was at Coulterville."

The dying man flung up his hands. He struggled to make his wishes known. "Write the name Kitty True," he gasped. His shaking hand affixed his signature to the will. As he sank back, his stiffening lips formed four words.

"Justice! My son's wife," came distinctly.

❦ ❦ ❦

By an Ancient Method.

"I FIND life so very much easier since I've learned to remember the things I forget," exclaimed the well intentioned woman in the Bolshevik turban on the roof of the motor bus.

"It is particularly important for me to be able to fit names to faces, because I am constantly meeting new people in my Red Cross Club work and every one does seem so sensitive about being forgotten. I used at times to be almost distracted trying to call people by their right names, but since I have mastered this wonderful method of connecting some object in my mind with the name of every new person I meet I have no more difficulty at all.

"Take Mrs. Ballwin's name, for an example, now. I associated her in my thoughts when I first met her with a loving cup, and now whenever I see her approaching I simply think of that object and her name comes instantly to my mind. Not that she is pleasant enough, goodness knows, to put one in mind of so amiable a trophy, but simply because her name suggests it.

"'Ball,' you see, suggests a contest, and 'win' indicates beating at a game, and as my husband is forever boasting about winning a silver loving cup at a golf game once I just think of that and the name 'Ballwin' trips gayly off of my tongue.

"Then there is Miss Gleason, for instance. I always say 'banjo' to myself when I see her coming to talk to me, because my son plays one in the glee club at college, and by combining 'glee' and 'son,' you see, I arrive at the name 'Gleason' immediately.

"And then there's that very pretty woman, who got off the bus when we got on, you remember. Well, I must have made a mental note of her quite recently, because she suggested Hoover to me so strongly when she bowed.

"Now I'll figure out her name from that Hoover suggestion and you'll understand better how my method works. Hoover, of course, stands for less white bread and the substitutes for white bread are corn and bran and rye—ah! there I have it already! Her name is Mrs. Ryan."

"But I happen to know that woman," protested the other half of the conversation, "and her name isn't Ryan at all It's Graham."

"Well, anyway," retorted the well intentioned woman, "I knew that she represented some sort of Hoover bread didn't I?"

❦ ❦ ❦

The Ostrich's Mistake.

A TRAINED ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely advertised act came to a sudden end and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Lydies and gentlemen, Hi am very sorry to disappoint you this hevening. We are compelled to cease our hengagement until the management hengages a new orchestra leader.

"The one at present hemployed 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes hit for a hegg."

❦ ❦ ❦

No Sense to It.

"DOES your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in himself and the grocer worrying over the same bill."

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The Prodigal Father

By William Caine

THE desirable residential neighborhood of Upwater lay basking in the heat and peace of a fine Sunday afternoon in August. The trim red-and-white villas, each in its patch of green garden, straggled over the sides of the valley with the effect of some vast, rather crudely colored blossom that had sprung overnight from the stem of the Metroland Loop Line.

A train came panting thru the heat, stopped at the station, and passed on, leaving one passenger—an elderly man—upon the platform.

He was a person little calculated to inspire confidence. His face was pasty-white and heavily lined. His long, sharp nose and gray mustache drooped over a large, cruel mouth. His eyes were small, furtive and fiery. He wore a very good suit of brown tweeds, gloves of gray suede and a black wide-awake hat; but these decent things seemed to sit unhappily upon that bent body, those shambling legs, those stiffly curved, clawlike hands, and that head that moved so suspiciously from side to side upon that long vulture's neck.

"Marchumley road," he barked out to the youth who took his ticket from him.

"Straight up the hill. Fourth road, left and right," said the other briskly "Any particular house?"

"It's called Ash Grove."

"Ah!" said the ticket collector, with the smile of one who is about to display intelligence. "Then you'll turn to the left. Ash Grove? That's Mr. Carter's, that is. Not Mr. James Carter. He's up on the other side of the valley—over yonder. It's Mr. Robert Carter lives at Ash Grove——"

"Blast you!" said the elderly man with a sudden concentrated and appalling savagery. "Do you think I'm looking for a house without knowing who lives in it, you jabbering clown?"

He passed out of the shade of the booking office into the hot sunshine and moved slowly across the station yard. For a moment or two the ticket collector remained paralyzed, his arm still raised and pointing in the direction of Mr. James Carter's home. Then he came to himself, and addressed the departing figure. "Ho!" he said. "Very civil, I'm sure—ain't we?" He put out his tongue and screwed up his face contemptuously. Then, honor satisfied, he disappeared into the booking office.

"I wonder," he murmured, "what the likes of him wants with the likes of Carter? Not exactly Carter's sort, I should think." He had a regard for the owner of Ash Grove as a very pleasant-spoken gentleman, a first-class person, and a philanthropist who could be trusted confidently to produce his half-crown at Christmas.

"Funny thing," he said to the porter, and told him all about it.

Meanwhile the offensive person in the brown tweeds had crossed the station-yard and set his face to the rather steep bit of road over which his path lay. The street was almost empty of life. At last Marchumley road appeared. He turned along it to the left, and now he began to mutter to himself.

"Yes," he said, and his voice seemed incurably angry; "he's well known and highly respected by every one in this smug little lath-and-plaster hole—that's evident. Mr. Robert Carter of Ash Grove, secretary to the London branch of the Bancroft-Billington Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., and in receipt of a salary of £1,500 per annum.

"O, yes: a man with all that after his name will be thought a lot of in Upwater. Well, that's all right. The more his neighbors think of him, the easier it'll be for some one I could put my finger on without much trouble to work the little lay that he has in mind." He grinned horridly, showing scattered yellow fangs under his mustache. His little, burning eyes never ceased their darting movements from left to right.

"Ah!" He halted, and stood contemplating the gate which told him that his journey was at an end.

"Yes," he said; "Ash Grove. That's it. And a very charming, well-found, little crib it is, too. Front porch, dining-room one side, drawing-room other side, two large bedrooms over, and servants' quarters above in the gables. Carriage drive. Well-kept lawns. Croquet hoops all ready for a game. Kitchen garden Summer house. Conservatory. Hammock under the chestnut. And, in the same, what I take to be the owner of all this magnificence himself. Well, here goes. I want a drink, that's what I want—and shall I tell you who's going to give it me? Why, that gentleman in the hammock, unless I'm very sadly mistaken."

He pushed open the gate and went quickly across the lawn to the hammock and stood looking down at the man who occupied it. He lay on his back, with his hands clasped under his head, his legs dangling down on each side, and a panama hat tipped over his eyes. He was asleep and lightly snoring.

The hat was twitched suddenly from his face and thrown to the ground. A husky voice said in his ear: "Wake up, Bobby, my boy; here's father come back to you."

Robert Carter stretched his arms out, opened his mouth in a great yawn, blinked his eyes apart and sat up. "Wha's that?" he demanded vaguely. "Wha's that? Who's come back? Wha' —O, my God!" He was no longer sleepy "You!" he cried harshly.

His father showed his fangs. "Myself," he said, "and none other. Aren't you pleased, Bobby? Say you're pleased to have your poor old father back again with you, after all these long seventeen years of separation."

"I thought you were dead," said his son, regarding him coldly. His astonishment had passed away instantly

"So did a lot of folks," replied Mr. Carter, senior, with a grin. "A theater fire's pretty hard luck on those that get burned up, but it's about the best thing that can happen to a man that has his own reasons for wanting to disappear. And I had mine, as you know. Your mother was one of them. She was too good a woman for a man like me to live with. I stuck it over twenty years, and then—well, that fire gave me my chance, and I took it. And I owed two thousand over the Cesarewitch, and there wasn't a dog's chance of my being able to settle.

"I thought a new start in America was about the ticket for me. It came to me all of a sudden, as I was going home to tell you and your mother about that fire that I'd just fought my way out of. It flashed across my mind that I'd told her I was going to see the new ballet there. And I had £150 in my pocket—it was a bet I'd collected in the promenade ten minutes before the fire started. It seemed to me like a sort of answer to prayer, Bobby. Next week I was in America, Bobby. Next year I was in jail, and I've been there ever since. I've had enough of this U. S. A., Bobby. And that is my story."

Robert's face had showed no astonishment at the conclusion of this candid statement. "No," he said; "It's not all. How did you find me out so quickly?"

"Well," said the father, "that was just our good luck, Bobby. I saw your picture in a little book I found on a bench in Central Park. It was a bit of your sewing machine company's publicity stuff—all about the company and its machines, and its model factories in America and England, and the men who have made it and the men who are running it. You were among the last, Bobby. 'Mr. Robert Carter, secretary of our London Branch,' the book said. You were put rather small, because they had to find room for the secretaries of the Paris Branch and the Melbourne Branch and the Bombay Branch in the same line with yourself. But there was no mistaking you. The rest was simple."

"I see," said Robert. "And now you have come to blackmail me also."

"O, my dear boy," cried Mr. Carter gayly, "what a shocking thing to say!"

"Not at all," said Robert. "Your conduct is perfectly natural. I am comfortably off, respectable, popular in this neighborhood, a church warden—I present you with that—secretary of an important business concern, married to a charming girl whose family doesn't think me quite good enough for her, and father of two delightful children who have innumerable little friends hereabouts. You are an ex-convict, and you have no money. Your course is obvious. And so it will go on until you have cleaned me out. Then you will go back to America to see if your grateful friend over there is still alive and still grateful."

"Well," said Mr. Carter, "if any one had told me that my only son would greet me on my return with such words as those I'd never have believed it. 'What!' I'd have said. 'My son Bobby treat his poor old prodigal father so? Never! You don't know my boy,' I'd have said. 'No,' I'd have said; 'what my boy will do is to go right out and take and kill the fatted calf for me, and put a robe on my back and a ring on my finger, and sit me down at his right hand, and call all his friends around him to feast and make merry because his father who was dead is alive again, and his poor old parent who was lost is found.'

"That's what he'll do,' I'd have said. But, of course, Bobby, if I was wrong, if you really prefer to give me £100, I'm not in a position to complain. It's not for me to dictate to you how you're to treat me. I did very wrong to leave you and your mother to fend for yourselves that way. I don't deny it. And——"

"That's all right," said Robert easily. "But if you want me to do anything at all for you I must ask you not to mention my mother again, please. She's dead and gone—where you'll trouble her no more. No"—he held up his hand—"not a word about her. Not one more. That is my condition."

"Very good, Bobby," said Mr. Carter, with affected humility. "Just as you will. And now, if you'll give me that check I'll be moving along. I won't pretend, after what you've said to me, that I think you're glad to have me here, and

(Continued on Page 15.)

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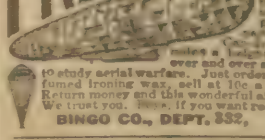

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What Women Are Doing in the War

She's Only U. S. Woman in an Army.

THE only American woman in the Allied armies. This is the unique distinction enjoyed by Sergeant Ruth Farnam, better known in private life as Mrs. Charles H. Farnam.

Mrs. Farnam married while still in her teens, and soon after her marriage set out for a trip around the world with her husband. Wherever she went, she seemed to run into warfare. The Boer War was under way when she reached South Africa, and Mrs. Farnam stayed there to watch the drama unfold. Some few years later, she ran right into the Russo-Japanese War.

So in 1912, when she went to Belgrade, Serbia, at the invitation of a friend, war to her was an old story. At that time, Serbia was at war with Turkey, and during this time Mrs. Farnam learned to admire the Serbians. Like most Americans, she had always thought the Serbians a rather poor lot; but she was quite surprised to learn that here was a race of people who had kept their strain pure under five hundred years of Turkish thraldom. She found out, too, that little Serbia was a real democratic nation, which was fighting for an honorable place in the sun.

Her sympathy for the Serbian people reached such a pitch that the following year, when Bulgaria declared war on her little neighbor, Mrs. Farnam, for the first time, took an active part in the conduct of the war. For her services in this war she received a decoration from the Serbian King. But her greatest work was done in Serbia after Austria had hurled her forces against the tired little nation.

As soon as she could, Mrs. Farnam returned to Serbia, which she had left only a short time before, and reached the country at the time the great typhus plague was sweeping over it, killing off people by the thousands. Without thought of herself, she worked heroically thru these days. In recognition of her gallant service, the King again decorated her, and very shortly after she was made sergeant of the First Cavalry Regiment of the Royal Serbian Army. Thus she was the only American woman actually attached to the army as a soldier.

She took part in the famous battle of Brod, where she gave the signal for the artillery to commence firing. In this battle Sergeant Farnam, together with the commander in chief of the Serbian army and his staff, occupied a position between the opposing lines, in what is known as No Man's Land. Only a bowlder or two screened the party from the enemy's snipers, but not from the shells which were bursting all about them.

For her bravery on the firing line she was decorated a third time, and it was for this service that she was given the position as honorary sergeant. In a letter to Mrs. Farnam written by General Michael Rashitch, he comments on her bravery as follows:

"When you were at the Saloniki front on the firing line at Brod about the 11th to the 15th of October, 1916, in the first Serbian army, the Voidove Mishitch (commander in chief), being impressed by your great services and by your personal courage in the first line, told you that he would accept you into the Serbian army as an honorary member thereof.

"The secretary of war has given you the promotion of honorary sergeant and you were informed that you would receive formal information of this distinction which has been bestowed upon you.

"I have personally heard a great deal about your interest in the Serbian army and in America I have heard of your indefatigable work for the Serbian relief committee in helping them carry on their noble undertaking as successfully as possible. The high Serbian orders which adorn your breast are all proofs of the great services which you have rendered to Serbia.

"As it will give you pleasure to have permission to wear the uniform of the Serbian army after my personal right, which I possess according to our law, I bestow upon you this permission and I also take upon myself the responsibility of getting for you a confirmation of these things from our secretary of war."

The King of Serbia, shortly after conferring these honors on Mrs. Farnam, requested her to go to America, to tell our people what little Serbia is doing to help make the world safe for democracy. So now Sergeant Farnam, an American woman of wealth and refinement, is lecturing thruout the United States, and is awaking Americans all over the country to the brave part that little Serbia is playing in this world war against the Hun.

"War Savings Store."

HELPING Uncle Sam thru the war savings campaign is a serious business and should be carried on in a business-like manner, in the opinion of Dorothy Kinnaman, 10 years old, a grammar school pupil of Brookfield, Ill. Dorothy is buying war savings stamps and preaching the gospel of thrift in her neighborhood.

Dorothy, with the aid of her three brothers—Donald, 9; Douglas, 8, and David, 4—conduct a "war savings store" in the basement of their home at Brookfield. It has a stock of $700 worth of merchandise and groceries.

They handle everything from baby shoes to scrub brushes and brooms. Profits are invested in war savings and thrift stamps. Not alone do the "little four" invest themselves, but they urge their customers to go and do likewise. The cost of operating the store is small, the rent, light and heat being free, and the children hope to average at least one war savings stamp a day.

Here Is One Woman Who Cares.

THE boys from Macon County, Missouri, have an Angel Recorder, in the guise of Mrs. John T. Doneghy, whose only son is an officer in the Radio Service of the United States. Mrs. Doneghy has hit upon a novel method of keeping in personal touch with the three hundred enlisted and drafted men in Macon County, and has a personal record of each and every one of them. For this purpose, she uses a kind of card index system, arranged in alphabetical order, which gives each man's history in brief, and which has room for any additional information which he or his friends may send in from time to time after he has entered the service.

And much interesting information comes into her hands thru the soldier boys to whom she writes; for these laddies in the service are ambitious for the folks "back home" to know what they are doing for their country and their flag. Every scrap of it goes into the record, and so Macon County is assured of something more than the mere statistics of enlistment and service in this great war.

Mrs. Doneghy plans on having this human interest record printed after the war is over, and distributed among the returned soldiers and their families. Army officers have written to her expressing thanks for her work, and assuring her that it was bound to have a good effect on the morale of the young soldiers.

MRS. JOHN T. DONEHY.

Saving to Help Uncle Sam.

MISS CLEOTA CHRISTOPHER.

Milliner, Who Is Secretary of the Society.

ONE of the offices in the tallest building in St. Joseph, Mo., houses an organization, unique of its kind. It is the Wage Earners' War Saving Society of St. Joseph, and it has given the native sons—and daughters, too—an extra reason to be proud of their town. This society, or club, was the originator of the idea of organizing the wage earners of the country into a war savings society, and its example is being followed thruout the country, at the instigation of the National Council of Defense which considers the plan the best that has so far been offered for getting the man with small means to save, and be a real factor in winning the war.

"Stamp out the war with thrift stamps" has become the slogan of the Wage Earners' War Saving Society of St. Joseph, Mo. This organization is divided into numerous small societies, with one in each place of employment in St. Joseph. The membership is limited strictly to men and women who are working for salaries and wages, and who have bought at least one thrift stamp. Every member is asked to sign a pledge for four things:

1. To save systematically.
2. To refrain from unnecessary expenditures and the purchase of non-essentials in order to release labor for necessary production of things needed in the Army and Navy.
3. To make honest efforts to promote thrift and economy in the community.
4. To invest savings in the United States war savings stamps and thrift stamps, and to encourage others to do so.

There is at least one captain in each place of employment. The captain solicits members and sales among the employes. Arrangements have been made for the firms to buy thrift stamps and have the captain take charge thru a credit system. Attractive red, white and blue buttons are furnished to members, and the captains are distinguished by huge American flag buttons.

The same sort of scheme for the saving of funds is being worked out in small communities. Women's clubs, school teachers and others interested in the work are organizing corps and bringing the same kind of a club to the people in their own communities.

Helping the Refugees.

COMPLETE rehabilitation from a pin to a bed—from the most meager necessities of life to a chance of resuming their former trades and professions—is the opportunity given by the Society of Devastated France now installed in sixty ruined villages in Picardy, to the hordes of refugees who pour into these towns, without the barest means of sustenance, according to the story told by one of the workers herself, who but lately left the region to enlist helpers in the United States—Mrs. Henry Beach Needham.

The Society for Devastated France, incorporated but a month ago, took its nucleus from the civilian division of the American Fund for French Wounded, a society active since 1914.

The plan was originally presented by the American women to General Petain himself, who gave them headquarters in the Chateau Blerancourt. From a beginning with fourteen villages under its supervision, the organization now has charge of sixty, with a branch and office in each.

The women wear the bird's-eye blue uniform of the 3rd French army—skirt, blouse and straps. The cars used in the work of installation, the official term used to designate the placing of a family in a home of its own, are driven, repaired and cared for by the American women—many of them of the wealthiest families of the United States.

Where the society is working is the richest agricultural land of France and as rapidly as barbed wire and explosives can be extracted from it and American tractors begin their work, will yield a large per cent of the food for both the French and the American armies.

Berry Picking.

NINE HUNDRED Missouri women to pick berries is the latest goal set for the food board of the woman's committee of the National Council of Defense of Missouri. A meeting of two local berry growers' associations was held in Sarcoxie recently to determine the number of pickers needed in that section. Mrs. Massey Holmes, State chairman of food production, met with the associations and outlined a plan designed to enable the berry crop to be picked without drawing upon the man power of the State.

The women who volunteer will be organized into units, from fifteen to fifty members each. Each unit will be lodged together and placed under the control of a supervisor. It is agreed the quarters shall be not more than three-fourths mile from the place where the picking is done. The growers will furnish housing, either tents or buildings, stoves, fuel, water and straw for bedding.

Pickers must come provided with bedding, toilet accessories and eating utensils. Serviceable wearing apparel is advised by the committee. Good food will be arranged by the Commissary Department, the cost to be shared equally by the members of the unit.

It is estimated compensation, determined by the skill of the worker and the condition of the strawberries, will range from 75 cents to $4 a day.

Gas Masks for Women.

EVERYBODY on the front in France must carry a gas mask to protect himself or herself from the fumes of the deadly German poison gas. Red Cross nurses and women workers are no exception to the rule, and for the purpose of putting them on speedily when the signal is sounded that a gas attack has begun, the Red Cross gives gas mask drills practically every day. These drills teach workers in the gas zone to put on their masks and adjust them properly inside of six seconds.

After once one has learned to adjust a mask rapidly, she is taken into a dark room filled with gas, and made to walk at least fifty feet. Sometimes, this trip to the "gas room" ends unpleasantly. For instance, if the mask is not adjusted perfectly, one is apt to get a dash of this gas which is not deadly, but decidedly uncomfortable. Men and women, thinking the gas was deadly have gone mad with fright, and pulled the protection away from their faces, so that they had to be dragged out by the attendants.

No Passports.

IN ITS efforts to preserve the strictest military discipline among the American Expeditionary Forces in France, the War Department has issued orders forbidding the issuance of passports to sisters of officers and soldiers in overseas service. Every effort has been made to prevent wives of officers and men from joining their husbands, and even mothers with sons in the service have been refused permission to accompany them to France. Daughters also have been excluded, but sisters have provided a more difficult problem, and the State Department asked for a special ruling on their cases. Now the fiat has gone forth that they also will be refused passports, even when they desire to do relief work of any kind. The strictness of this decision has been based on the theory that it will interfere with Army efficiency to have relatives in the war zone.

Checks Casualty Lists.

OF ALL the war news anxiously awaited by the American people, none has the heart appeal of the plain but tender story of names issued by the casualty division of the War Department. Miss Martha Marker of Iola, Kan., is the clerk in charge of the casualty desks, and under her supervision the daily cable from General Pershing is made into the list which is given to press and public. Passed on to her division from the office of the Secretary of War, the cable report is made up by Miss Marker and her assistants. Miss Marker went to Washington last October as a stencil clerk. She recently was advanced to the post of clerk in charge of the casualty lists.

Her Work.

CONGRESSWOMAN JEANNETTE RANKIN said in a Y. W. C. A. address:

"Charles Schwab married on $7 a week, and Chauncey Depew on $9. I have no sympathy with the girl who makes a devoted young man wait till he can support her as luxuriously as her old father does.

"My sympathy all goes out to the young man who said joyously, as soon as he was accepted:

"'Then, darling, we'll get married at once. Of course, at first, we shan't be able to keep a servant.'

"'Oh, Jack, hadn't we better wait, then?' she protested. 'What would the neighbors say if they saw me doing my own work?'

"Jack looked puzzled.

"'Why, sweetheart,' he said, 'whose work do you want to do?'"

The Prodigal Father.

(Continued From Page 13.)

I never stay where I'm not welcome—unless I'm compelled to. But just now, I remember, I was promising myself a drink at your expense. And so, before I go I'll take a whisky and soda; thank you, Bobby." He sat down in a canvas chair and lit a cheap cigarette.

"Right!" said Robert. "I'll get it."

He left Mr. Carter smoking contentedly and went into the house. He returned with a syphon, glasses, and a decanter. These he set out on a little table, and begged his father to help himself.

"It is understood, then," said Robert, "that if I give you this money you will go away and keep away as long as possible. You notice that I don't ask anything extravagant of you. I expect you to come back, or to threaten to do so. All I ask is, show a little conscience over this business. Don't go and blow the lot in a couple of evenings. At that rate you'll only kill the goose that lays your golden eggs. Whereas, if you're moderate in your demands, you will be able to do yourself very comfortably, and yet leave me and my family enough to keep going on. Don't you think that's reasonable?"

"Quite reasonable," said Mr. Carter, "quite reasonable. And I like your whisky well, Bobby. Another of the same, an it please you. And now tell me about yourself for a minute or two. I left you rather in the soup, a boy of 15—you see, I respect your wish in not referring to any one else that I may have left—and yet I find you in this very nice house and secretary to a very nice company. How have you managed it at your age, for you can't be 35 yet?"

"I'll tell you," said Robert, and he began to give some particulars of his career which are of no importance to this story. Mr. Carter leaned back in his chair and sipped his whisky and smoked his cigarettes, and watched his son with his alert, fiery little eyes. He was vastly well content.

"But," said Robert at last suddenly, "here are some friends of mine that I want you to know." He rose out of the hammock, in which he had been sitting since he brought out his tray.

"You did me an injustice, my dear father," said Robert, "when you took so seriously some words which I said lately. They were only spoken in jest. Of course, I never intended you to believe that I imagined that you were going to drain me dry in the way I suggested.

"On the contrary, it was you who were right when you supposed that I would kill the fatted calf for you. For that is what I am going to do now. At least, we are out of veal for the moment, and for it we must substitute tea and muffins; but the symbol, not its materials, is what is really important. And here are my friends, whom I have just called together, by telephone, to make merry with us because you, who were dead, are alive again, and you, who were lost, are found.

"Permit me, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, turning to the new arrivals, who were now close by, "permit me to introduce to you my father, Horton Carter, formerly man-about-town, gambler, racegoer and general blackguard, who broke my mother's heart and left her ill and destitute of all help save what I, a boy of 15, could give her; who fled to America and has there spent seventeen years in jail, for what offense I cannot tell you, nor is it of the slightest consequence. He has just worked out his sentence and has now come here to live upon me, believing that I will rather let him squeeze me like an orange than allow my world to know what a very unsavory skeleton I keep in my family cupboard. But there he is mistaken, as you see, and he sees.

"And now, father, this is the vicar of the parish, Mr. Jackson. This is my fellow church warden, General Wedderburn. This is Mrs. Wedderburn, and this her brother, Mr. Peabody—also, I may say, my solicitor. This is Mrs. Peabody, Mr. Peabody's mother. These are Admiral Harris and Mrs. Harris and their son, Mr. Reginald Harris—of the home office, my dear father.

"I have never yet, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "mentioned my father to you, because I believed him to be dead. It now appears that he took advantage of a theater fire to disappear, because thus he saw a way of getting rid of all his responsibilities, among them some heavy racing debts. He preferred, you see, the appearance of death to the calamity of dishonor. Incidentally, he left my mother and me destitute; but upon that I need not dwell. Our difficulties, as you see, were ultimately surmounted, tho they killed her thirty years too early.

"And so, vicar, here is my prodigal father come back to me, and I have lost no time in bidding you and my other good friends in Upwater to gather round and assist us to celebrate so happy an event. For such conduct you, vicar, will admit, I think, that I have the best authority. And now nothing remains but for us all to go and join my wife and sons in the drawing-room, there to drink a cup or two of tea to the continuance of this most happily renewed relationship. Will you not come, my dear father?"

The people thus addressed said nothing at all. They stood grouped exactly as the beginning of Robert's speech had found them; but all their eyes remained bent seriously upon Mr. Carter, senior. Robert had been well inspired in his choice of telephone numbers during his late ten minutes' absence in the house. He was also, it appears, fortunate in his friends. It was now that Mr. Carter, senior, exhibited a trace of the possession of anything like an admirable quality. He laughed, and he said, "Spiked, by the Pope!" And then he said: "Bobby, I congratulate you." And he turned as if to go away.

"One moment, father," said Robert. "Tho you reject my offer of hospitality and tea, and the pleasant conversation of my friends, you must not think that I can allow you to contemplate a total severance of our connection. I am a man who understands his responsibilities. After all, I owe it to you that I am in this world, which, I do not hesitate to say, I find a very agreeable place. I am to that extent enormously grateful to you. And so let me inform you that every Monday morning on which you care to present yourself at the cash counter of Bond's Bank in the Strand you will be given two pounds. If you don't come on Monday morning before 12 you will have to get along as best you can till the following Monday. And the payments will not be cumulative.

"Two pounds every week. That will give you an income, if you are regular in your attendances, of £104 yearly. But if ever you come here again, if ever you write to me or to any of my friends, or give me the smallest bit of trouble, the arrangement will automatically come to an end. I will instruct the bank tonight by letter, so you may, if you will, touch your first money tomorrow. Here is a check for £2. By presenting it you will establish your identity in the knowledge of the bank. For subsequent payments no check will be necessary—your signed receipt will be enough. And now take yourself off."

Again Mr. Carter, senior, laughed. "Admirable, Bobby!" he said, as he took the check and tucked it into a waistcoat pocket. "You haven't left me a leg to stand on. Not one. What you told me just now about your career left me still a bit in the dark as to how you've managed to get there so quickly. But I understand it now perfectly. I prophesy a very great future for you, my boy. But I see that I shall not benefit, however high you go.

"One hundred and four is the limit for me. Well, I'll try to please you by being punctual every Monday. But I must again congratulate you—damme, I must!—saving the vicar's presence. And now, ladies and gentlemen, good afternoon to you all. Bobby, adieu. Oh, you clever boy, I swear I'm proud of you!"

He took off his hat with a courtly sweep, slapped it in place again, paused one instant to light a new cigarette, and shambled away across the lawn. At the gate he turned and kissed his hand to them all. Then he vanished behind the privet hedge.

"Come in to tea," said Robert to his friends. "Letty's bursting to hear all about it, too."

* * *

Full of Emotion.

LITTLE Elsie had been told by her mother that a dog wags his tail to show that he is pleased, while a cat switches his tail when he is angry. A few days later Elsie discovered her favorite pussy purring contentedly before the open fire while her tail swayed luxuriously back and forth over the rug behind her. The little girl, her eyes wide with wonder, ran to her mother.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I don't see how Silver Belle can be so glad at one end and mad at the other both at the same time!"

* * *

Too Small.

THE gymnasium lockers at the Seattle Y. M. C. A. are tall, roomy fellows. One day a member brought in a friend, a big husky six-footer, for a swim. They got keys and towels, and proceeded to the locker-room.

'Is this where we dress?" asked the husky, gazing down the steel rows.

"Sure thing; here's yours," and the friend threw open a door.

The neophyte put one foot in the locker and measured his broad bulk against the narrow opening. Then he turned away with disgust on every feature.

"Hell! I can't dress in there!"

* * *

A Four Years' Loaf.

"HOW is Robert getting along at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred. That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said: "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by college bred?'

"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."

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POLLY'S PAL — Polly begged Pete to hold her yarn. "Too busy," said our Peter, and rushed on. Next she sought Mirandy, who said: "Lan' sakes, no, I have my sweeping to do." In desperation she grabbed a small son of the family to help, but he slipped away. Then Polly saw "Amazin Grace," the tame old farm cow, and she had an idea. So Polly proceeded to wind her yarn on Grace's horns, much to the delight of both. Polly declared that Grace was the kind of pal to have to help a fellow out.

Insult to Injury.

A Western business man, who always insisted on meeting men personally before employing them, summoned a recently employed worker to his office.

"When I hired you last week," he said, "did you tell me the whole truth about yourself?"

"Why, yes. What do you mean by the whole truth?"

"Well, I have a letter about you. I will take your word if you tell me that it is false. The letter is anonymous."

"Wh—wh—what does it say about me?"

"Don't be scared. It doesn't accuse you of any kind of crime. It merely says that you are a reformed drunkard."

"That, sir, is a malicious lie, made out of spite."

"That's all I wanted to hear you say. Don't worry about it."

And as the new employe went forth in the pride of his virtue, he said to himself, "The idea! And I never thought of reforming!"

On the Job.

A man named Dodgin had recently been appointed foreman in a brickyard, but his name was not known to all the employes. One day while on his round he came across two men sitting in a corner smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers. "Sit down and have a smoke."

Had the Jury Figured.

Counsel (addressing jury): "The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury."

Reasons Aplenty.

Employer—"What! You want me to raise your salary? Well, give me at least two good reasons for this inopportune request."

Employe (meekly)—"Twins."

"Is the postscript always the important part of a woman's letter?"

"It is when it's from your wife. That's where she always mentions how much money she wants."

Doing Her Bit.

Titus Wadde—"During the war you'll have to eliminate all waste in your dressing."

Mrs. T. W.—"I don't see how I could do any better than I'm doing now. I've eliminated waste in my street skirts and I've eliminated waist in my evening gowns."

Casual.

"There is no one," remarked a politician who has been a candidate for Governor of Missouri, "who can take the wind out of a fellow's sails so effectually as an old-time, leisurely Missourian. For example:

"After a twelve years' absence, during which I had graduated at the university, got my name in the paper a few times and bought a new suit of clothes, I went back to the little old country town where I had been a 'poor but ambitious youth.'

"I expected a reception committee to meet me, but it did not. However, seeing the grandeur of my new clothes and stiff hat, my old acquaintances came round and shook hands cordially—all except old Bill McClanahan, who kept the general store. Old Bill sat at the back of the stove, handy to the sawdust box. He never noticed me; didn't even glance my way.

"I was piqued, angry, in fact. I walked back to the stove and got right in front of my old friend, so that he had to look upon me in all my glory.

"Slowly, casually, he looked up from under the flap of his old white hat and remarked:

"'Arthur, you have been away somewhere, haven't you?'"

He Didn't Like It.

An Englishman recently visited the home of a wealthy Westerner whose hobby was a wonderful arrangement of bathing, shower and plunge facilities. The Westerner went so far as to provide beautiful music while he was taking his plunge or shower. The Englishman being invited to enjoy the baths, partook, and was asked the following morning how he liked it.

"Your baths are wonderful," he exclaimed, "but I don't think much of that music box."

"Why not?"

"Why, the silly thing played 'God Save the King' the whole blessed time, so I had to bathe standing."

He Did.

He finally managed to get the words from between his teeth.

"Will you marry me, Ethel?" he stammered.

She had just met somebody she liked better, and trying to let him down easy, she began: "I thought you knew better——"

He choked back the lump of bitterness when he realized the position which she was attempting to assume: "Oh, sure I do, but they have all turned me down," he replied.

Descent of Man.

Adam may have descended from a lizard, as some scientists now affirm, but the evidence shows that Eve made a monkey of him.

It is easier to believe that the modern Mrs. Chatterbox is related to the monkey than that she is a lineal descendant of the lizard, for the latter is mute.

Take it all in all, the monkey leads as chief candidate for the disputed position of man's progenitor. The lizard always was the last man on the job. He travels to work on the L. L. and L.—"Loiter, Linger and Loaf."

Unfortunate Phrasing.

"I told Henrietta that I was proud to have her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton.

"Did that please her?"

"No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the ballot in the first place."

No, It Wasn't Twins.

He (at the phone)—"Hello, is that you, Maizie? Yes, this is Jack? Have I heard the news? No: what? Mrs. Murphy? Well well! Five o'clock this morning? Oh, tell her I'm glad to hear she's doing well. What's that? Two of 'em? Well (hanging up receiver). What do you think of that? Mrs. Murphy smashed two of her fingers in the door this morning and fainted dead away."

True Patriotism.

"Don't you love our song, the 'Star Spangled Banner?'"

"I do," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then, why don't you join in the chorus?"

"My friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is not to try to sing it."

Gwit Up.

"Be your gruss attempt to swim high or two after he had received his order.
prince." "You've made a mistake here, waiter," he said. "I ordered a spring chicken
"He did at he said. "I ordered a spring chicken
first. Now he and a champagne of 1888."
meets shudders "Well, sir?" replied the waiter, eyeing
as he accepts the order.
the key, and "You have brought me a champagne
I get of last spring and a chicken of 1888."

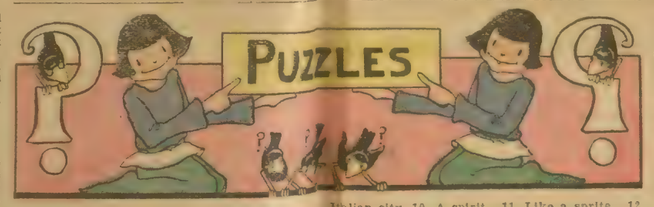
Protest.

"Your
next is bet-
ter—our old
one
is
What's
1918
mel-

Had Hopes.

She had just rejected him and naturally he was a bit sore. "You have refused me, Gladys," he observed as he turned to go, "but remember this—I shall not always be a ten-dollar-a-week clerk."

"That's the trouble," she replied with-eringly. "You're liable to lose your job at any minute."



Diagonal Puzzle.

23

A * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * S

This puzzle is solved by filling in the blank spaces with the words indicated by the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word; both the second rows are the same, etc.:

1. Biting to the taste.
2. Found in the sea.
3. Angry.
4. A set time.
5. Used for traveling on snow.

'Ar' 'Ar' 'Ar'.

24—Our *ar* sings not of those who aspire only to the ease of the *ar*, who shun *ar* and the *ar*, who must ride always in the *ar* and never in a *ar* behind the old *ar*; and who *ar* at the dwellers on the *ar* and toilers in homely *ar*. Our hero fears not pain *ar*, nor the keen *ar* of adversity.

He may be a busy worker in the busy *ar*, or perchance one of the *ar* who sail the *ar* to distant seas, or he may ply the *ar* in a smaller craft in sheltered bay or *ar*. Whatever his *ar*, he seeks to *ar* his way by honest endeavor.

He weaves his weft and *ar* into a fabric *ar*, and whether *ar* or cold, he makes his *ar* with no *ar* for the idler in the *ar*, who would *ar* of the risks and the *ar* of so much doing. He will *ar* to the wronged and the overburdened.

His tasks done, he plays the *ar*, or may go forth as Nature's *ar* to share the home of *ar* and *ar*, but without doing them *ar*.

Endless Chain.

25—All the words described contain five letters. Take the last two letters of the first word to form the first two of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the last word will form the first letters of the first word.

1. Mountains in South America. 2. To bar by one's own act. 3. A musical drama. 4. A black bird. 5. An unfriendly person. 6. An aromatic substance from the Orient. 7. A river in Germany. 8. A native of Africa. 9. A citizen of an Indian city. 10. A spirit. 11. Like a sprite. 12. Senseless. 13. At no time. 14. A mistake. 15. A musical instrument.

Metamorphoses.

26—The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example:

Change cat to dog in three moves. Ans.: Cat, cot, cog, dog.

1. Change band to tune in four moves.
2. Change head to feet in five moves.
3. Change boy to man in three moves.
4. Change cold to warm in four moves.
5. Change wood to coal in three moves.
6. Change fore to hind to four moves.
7. Change wild to tame in four moves.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

19. Diagonal Puzzle.

H A N D S
A B O U T
N O B L E
D U L S E
S T E E L

20. Mixed Birds.

1. Bobolink. 2. Adjutant. 3. Gyrfalcon. 4. Cassowary. 5. Junco. 6. Bulbul. 7. Flamingo. 8. Jabiru. 9. Jacomar. 10. Jackdaw. 11. Kamichi. 12. Kittiwake. 13. Macaw. 14. Francolin. 15. Gallinule. 16. Oriole. 17. Peccary. 18. Pelican. 19. Sanderling. 20. Linnet.

21. Beheaded Boats.

1. Yawl—awl.
2. Scow—cow.
3. Lark—ark.
4. Cutter—utter.
5. Ship—hip.
6. Raft—aft.
7. Brig—rig.
8. Galley—alley.

22. Charade.

Orinoco (1. Conjunction=or. 2. Preposition=in. 3. Interjection=o. 4. Abbreviation=co).

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

The Wrong Order.

In a French restaurant recently a patron summoned the waiter a moment or two after he had received his order.

"You've made a mistake here, waiter," he said. "I ordered a spring chicken and a champagne of 1888."

"Well, sir?" replied the waiter, eyeing the order.

"You have brought me a champagne of last spring and a chicken of 1888."

Answer Pleased Grant.

Dr. James Thorington had a "Panama dinner" for some of his confreres who shared the exciting life on the Isthmus in the early '80's, and he told this story of how his father, that doughty Civil War veteran, Colonel Thorington, obtained the post of consul at Colon:

Grant was the first President to install civil service regulations governing appointments to Federal office.

Colonel Thorington for once in his life turned pale when he went to Washington, and this question faced him on his examination paper:

"How many soldiers did England send to the colonies during the Revolutionary War?"

He gazed at the paper and the paper gazed at him for many precious minutes. Then in desperation the Colonel wrote:

"A d—d sight more than ever went back!"

He trudged home to his hotel muttering to himself: "Oh, well, it's all off now!"

Some time later an orderly knocked at his door. "Colonel Thorington, the President would like to see you, sir."

He went to the White House feeling "shaky." The President, smiling broadly, wrung his hand. "Colonel, you're a man after my own heart," he cried. "Here are seven consulates. Which will you have?"

To the Point.

Tom Callahan got a job on the section working for a railroad. The superintendent told him to go along the line looking for washouts.

"And don't be as long-winded in your next reports as you have been in the past," said the superintendent; "just report the condition of the roadbed as you find it, and don't use a lot of needless words that are not to the point. Write like a business letter, not like a love letter."

Tom proceeded on his tour of inspection and when he reached the river he wrote his report to the superintendent:

"Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is."

What Ruth Said.

Ruth, a carefully brought-up little girl of 5 years, returned home from her first dinner away from home and was being questioned by her mother.

"And you were a good girl all the time?" asked mother.

"Yes, mother," was the joyful reply.

"And did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Brown just before leaving?"

"Yes, indeed," Ruth answered triumphantly. "I smiled and said, 'I enjoyed myself, Mrs. Brown; you had a lots better dinner than I thought you'd have'."

Dodging the Question.

She—"Here's the paper says a lawyer told a man in court that he was particeps criminis in the affair. What does that mean, William?"

He—"My dear, you ought not to ask me to explain such things to you before the children."

Ought to Be.

"Doctor," said Mr. Jagsby, "just one little drink won't hurt me, will it?"

"You'll have to be the judge of that."

"But I want some expert advice."

"After thirty years of experimentation don't you consider yourself an expert?"

Exclusive Accomplishment.

"Is there anything you can do better than any one else?"

"Yes," replied the small boy; "I kin read my own writing."

Not His Fault.

Father McNally—"Shame on ye, O'Leary, ye're half drunk."

O'Leary (apologetically)—"O! know it, yer riverence, but it'sh not my fault. O!'ve shpint all the money O! had."

"Who was driving the car, Bob or Bess?"

"It was such an awful mixup, I think Cupid must have been driving it."

Mostly So.

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer, as he stopped the automobile.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."

His Effort.

In Mississippi they tell of a young lawyer retained to defend a man charged with the theft of a pig. The young man seemed determined to convince the jury that he was born to shine, and accordingly he delivered the following exordium:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood, while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and treading the unhallowed altars of the heretofore models to dust; while the United States, entering the war, shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky, I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble dog thief."

Not to Be Easily Fooled.

It was about 2 a. m. when he quietly entered the front door, deciding to get upstairs with as little noise as possible. Success was not for him, however, for his condition was rather precarious and he began by knocking over the hall rack, then unset a table covered with china, and finally tripping on the sixth stair, he rattled down to the bottom again. From his bedroom a moment later the maid heard the wife's reproachful voice when she had helped him upstairs:

"James, you've been drinking again!"

"M'dearsh, howshever did you guesh it?"

"Oh, you can't fool me, James, I smell it on your breath."

Contrariness.

"Speaking of the Kaiser's contrary or arbitrary attitude in this peace talk," says a well known legislator, "reminds me of a certain Kansas farmer who was elected to the State Legislature a few years ago. The farmer was called to the chair during a session to act as speaker pro tem. A motion was made to lay a certain resolution on the table. The speaker put the motion like this:

"'All those who want the resolution to lay on the table say aye! All those who want to be contrary say no!'"

Sam Johnson—"Say, Doc, did you tell Mose Brown dat his wife could go to work tomorrer?"

Dr. Mickens—"No, Sam, I never done that.'

Sam Johnson—"Well, fo' de lan' sakes I done loaned him a dollar on dat security."

Mrs. Tomley—"Now, Henry, you be good while I'm out."

Henry—"I'll be good for a penny."

Mrs. Tomley—"Henry, I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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GENTLE JABS.

Gossips are superintendents in trouble factories.

Intellectual improvement is apt to warp a woman's shape.

A man's idea of harmony is to have everything his own way.

Speaking of home rule, what's the matter with the first baby?

When you bury an old animosity never mind the gravestone.

When a toper sees things double his glasses are a little bit too strong.

It sometimes happens that when type is set it hatches out trouble.

This world would be a gloomy old place for cats if women could purr.

Fair and warmer is the prediction the weather man lays up for a rainy day.

Paradox—a man is always thrown on his own resources when he hasn't any.

In matrimony one and one make one, but in divorce one from one leaves two.

Girls should never flirt in public until after they have a strong hold on the art.

How thoroly a pretty woman does love to walk down the street with a homely one!

No wonder some women look faded—they spend too much time casting withering glances at the men.

The man who has no enemies may be considered good, but it's a question what he's good for.

A good reputation is sometimes useful as a parachute to the man who rises rapidly in the world.

Many a man's dyspepsia is due to the mistaken belief on the part of his wife that she can cook.

A small man's idea of greatness is to have other men point him out and say: "There he goes."

When a man tells a woman that he understands women he is at once classified as an easy mark.

An old bachelor says that some women marry for the purpose of obtaining a listener who can't get away.

Thermometers are insignificant looking affairs and yet they have made hopeless liars out of thousands of men.

Always think twice before you speak—and nine times out of ten you will have no occasion to say a word.

If girls were capable of distinguishing between a nibble and a bite there would be fewer breach of promise suits.

Don't, if you are a man, deliberately kiss a poor, little, helpless girl baby. Brace up and take something your own size.

Your Kitchen in War Time

Substitute Brains.

EVERY time you eat a slice of white bread, the Kaiser thanks you. It means to him—and to Germany—that you are placing a handicap in Uncle Sam's race for victory. Food will win the war, but whose food? Will it be Germany's or our own?

The American people have been asked to save 100,000,000 bushels of wheat by July, as a military necessity. You are a military unit in the campaign to cut our wheat consumption one-half, and you are called on to do your share, three times a day. If you fail, you imperil the safety of the Army "over there." No reason, no excuse, matters. The only thing that counts is the saving of wheat; the cut must be made.

How to save your share of that 100,000,000 bushels of wheat is mostly a matter of ingenuity. Remember the day the cover on your coffee pot rolled off? The rod had rusted and slipped out of the hinge. Without any hesitation you slipped in a bit of wire, bent it into position and secured the top. The rod was gone, but you substituted brains. That is what you are called on to do in bread-making. Exercise your mind, and forget how to make excuses. There are plenty of excellent substitutes for wheat. Use them. Use rice and barley flour, and corn meal. If your oven isn't hot enough to make cornbread, remember that mush, rice, potatoes or hominy are excellent substitutes for bread, and can be cooked on top of the stove.

What if your grocer doesn't carry substitutes? Use potatoes. Potato bread is excellent and potato biscuit is a treat. There always are potatoes too small to be baked, that can be turned into bread. But above all, use your brains. When you get into a tight place, exercise your mind. Don't let the Kaiser laugh with joy because you are careless, and don't want to exert yourself. Remember that every ounce of wheat flour saved, is as good as a bullet from a machine gun.

Two Rice Puddings.

TWO cups milk, ¼ cup seeded raisins, dates or other fruit, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons rice, ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix ingredients in a baking dish and cook in a very slow oven for from three to five hours. It will be necessary to stir occasionally to prevent rice and raisins from settling to bottom of dish. If raisins are not used, some flavoring should be added.

One-quarter cup rice, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ egg, ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook rice in milk until it is very soft. Add other ingredients and turn into a baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven until set.

Rice and Cheese Rarebit.

ONE-QUARTER cup rice, ¾ cup cheese, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Boil rice in plenty of water. When cooked tender add milk and the flour mixed with ¼ cup of water. Allow this to boil, add salt and pepper, and, when it again reaches boiling point, remove from fire and add cheese chopped fine. Stir cheese thru the hot mixture until it melts. Serve on toast.

Molasses Cornballs.

FOR a family of five buy 3 pounds of corn on the cob, or 1 pound all shelled. After popping, pick it over and remove all hard kernels. For the sirup use 2 cups of molasses and ½ cup of white sugar and boil until hard, when a few drops are put in cold water; then add a piece of butter size of a walnut and a quarter of a teaspoon of soda. Pour over the corn and stir thoroly. Butter the hands and, while the corn is warm, form into balls. You will have to work quickly as they cool fast. This makes anywhere from two to three dozen corn balls, according to the size you make them.

Boiled Rice Ball.

TIE ¾ cup rice loosely in a pudding cloth and put into boiling water into which you have put a pinch of salt. Let cook about 1½ hours, turn out and serve with maple sirup, jam or sweet sauce. While the ball is hot care must be taken not to break it, as a touch will break it to pieces, but after it is cold it is so firm it can be cut into slices if liked. Also you may let it get cold, slice it and dip each slice into beaten egg, fry a nice brown and eat with sirup, jam or sweet sauce.

Cape Ann Fish Chowder.

THIS is the everyday style of fish chowder among the fishermen's families: Wash and cut in chunks 2 pounds of fresh cod or haddock. Pare and thinly slice 1 quart of potatoes (or as many as you prefer) and place in cold water until you are ready for them. Cut 2 slices of fat salt pork in dice and slowly fry out in chowder kettle until fat is extracted, stirring often. Remove scraps, add 1 large onion sliced, and fry slowly for a very few minutes. Then in your kettle place a layer of fish and one of potatoes, salt and pepper, and continue that way until all is used, potatoes on top. Cover with cold water and let come to boil, then boil slowly or simmer until potatoes are done. Mix 1 tablespoon flour with 1 of butter, add to chowder with 1 pint milk. Allow to come to boiling point once more, add a few halved crackers and serve very hot. Cheap and delicious.

Dream Coffee Cake.

NINE heaping tablespoons flour, 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt. Sift together then rub in 1 heaping tablespoon of butter as you would for pie crust. Stir in 1 egg and 1 cup sweet milk. Mix well and spread on two pie tins. It should be about as soft as the dough for baking powder biscuit. Before putting in oven, melt a piece of butter size of a large cherry and mix with it 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon and spread over top. Bake in medium hot oven 20 minutes. This makes two good sized cakes. This recipe may be changed to suit war times by using 5 tablespoons white flour and 4 tablespoons barley flour, or butter substitute for shortening and water for moistening, with almost as good results.

Boiled Rice Custard.

TO ABOUT 2 cups of boiling salted water add 3 tablespoons of well-washed rice and let boil for about 25 minutes; when it is done remove from fire, add cold water and drain off.

Put a large cup of milk in double boiler, beat the yolks of 2 eggs, add 3 teaspoons of sugar, then stir these into the warm milk and add rice and stir until it thickens; remove from the fire and let stand while you beat your 2 whites of eggs, then add 1 teaspoon of either lemon or vanilla to custard and just mix the whites thru lightly right in your serving dish.

The tapioca custard is made just the same, only don't cook the tapioca; soak a small cup over night, then proceed the same as the boiled rice. Use pearl tapioca.

Glorified Mashed Potatoes.

MOST housekeepers know how delicious mashed potatoes can be made by beating them until light with hot milk, butter or other good fat, and salt and pepper, 4 tablespoons of hot milk and 1 teaspoon of the fat for every medium-sized potato. To make the mashed potatoes a little "different," they can be turned into a potato souffle by adding the beaten white of eggs (two eggs to six medium-sized potatoes), piling lightly in a baking dish and baking in the oven till brown. Grated cheese added to this souffle is good.

Kedgeree.

MIX 2 cups whole boiled rice with ½ can salmon (bones and skin removed), then add ½ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, and 4 tablespoons melted butter. Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs and parsley if desired. Form into balls size of fishcakes, flour on all sides and fry until a nice brown.

Rye Hasty Pudding.

RYE Hasty Pudding—Put as much water in a stew pan on the stove as you think will be required for the family breakfast, salt to taste, then stir in as much rye meal as necessary to make the consistency you desire. Let boil for a few moments, stirring to prevent burning. Eat with cream and sugar or cream alone.

Substitute for Meat.

ONE-HALF cup of rice cooked in double boiler, a can of tomato soup, a small onion, a green pepper and two cups of cheese. To the rice was added the pepper and onion fried in a small amount of fat, after which the soup and cheese were added. You can arrange in layers and bake in oven.

Delmonico Potatoes.

FIRST make a milk gravy as for toast, with a pint of milk; take four good-sized cold boiled potatoes, dice fine into the cream, then dice lots of American cheese, salt and pepper to taste and mix all together with plenty of cheese. Pour all into an earthen baking dish, cover deep with grated cheese and make a rich brown. It is delicious with steak.

Egg Salad With Rice.

ARRANGE crisp lettuce leaves on plates. In the center of each, place a generous spooonful of cold boiled rice and on this a spoonful of salad dressing. Arrange on top of this, slices of hard cooked egg.

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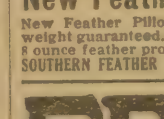

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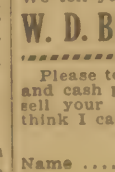

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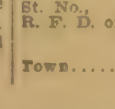

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THE KIDNAPED FEUDISTS

By William H. Manning

Events in the Story Up to Now

ZACHARIAH CRAGGE and Isaac Skarlott are the respective leaders in a family feud in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Captain John King of the ship Lady-for-Me, is a boyhood friend of both men. He takes it into his head to end the feud by kidnaping the principals and holding them on board his ship at sea until they shake hands. He has called on his two sisters, Magnet and Jewel, to assist him, under the chaperonage of their high-bred aunt, Miss Ruhamah King, in making peace between the mountaineers—a task they have entered upon with considerable vim, being well along toward their thirtieth years. On the first night out the second mate is struck a terrific blow under the chin by a human fist. He is unable to find any clew to the identity of his assailant except that a tall, slender man has been seen once during the night, prowling about in ghost-like fashion. The only tall, slender person known to be on board the ship is Miss Ruhamah King. Zachariah and Isaac at their first meeting solve their embarrassment by affecting not to be aware of each other's presence—Zachariah paying elaborate attention to Magnet, and Isaac to Jewel. The tall, slender assailant of Kenyon reappears as a burglar who enters Zachariah's stateroom and carries off a pair of boots, which he later returns. Papers on Captain King's desk have also been disturbed. Finally, two days out, a mysterious schooner, the Don Jose, signals the Lady-for-Me to stop and on her refusal fires a warning shot. Then the captain of the schooner boards the Lady-for-Me with his men, all armed with rifles and escorting in their midst a huge negress, whom they introduce as Susan. This Susan they propose to swap for the man cook of the Lady-for-Me. Zachariah and Isaac interrupt the proceedings with a sudden attempt to arm themselves with the strangers' rifles. In the free-for-all fight that ensues Captain King is felled, the feudists are flung into the sea, and the visitors get away with the object of their visit—the man cook of the Lady-for-Me. Susan, however, proves to be an excellent cook and the feudists are rescued from the sea. Then one night a terrible storm comes up and the mountaineers, foiled in the rifle fracas, covertly dare each other to go on deck when the gale shall be at its height, and each silently accepts the challenge. During the storm a sailor sent in quest of Captain King is unable to find him on board the ship.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 15, dated April 13.

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CHAPTER X.

UNWILLING COMRADES.

MATE HUNT adroitly combated a sudden lurch of the wind-beaten ship and glared at his informant. The latter was a sailor named Sinnett, and tho he had previously been regarded as a capable man, the mate did not hold that opinion of him now.

"Don't talk rubbish!" Hunt retorted. "Even if Captain King had been on deck—which he was not—there is not enough fling to the vessel yet to pitch him overboard. Being below, he can't have been sent overboard, anyhow. Result, he must be in the ship."

"Possibly I put it a bit strong, sir," Sinnett admitted, "but the captain is nowhere that I've been able to look. Of course, I didn't go into the hold——"

"Bosh! Send Rollo here. If anybody knows the vessel below, it must be the steward. Send him, and I'll have the skipper found in short order. Mysteriously missing! Gammon! No mystery about it——"

He stopped short as Captain King appeared in the companion way, his face turned up as he tried to see on deck. Supported by Rollo he was negotiating the steps one by one, but with some difficulty. The mate hastened to meet him.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Hunt asked anxiously.

King remained silent until he had trodden the last two steps and gained the deck fully. Then he brought his wide shoulders back and pitched his head high. The ship was reeling as the seas smote her starboard quarter, but it was not the King way to sag weakly before man or tempest. His face seemed pale, but indomitable resolution was also there.

"Have you seen that stowaway?" he demanded.

"Stowaway?" Hunt echoed blankly.

"Have you forgotten the tall, slender man we hunted the ship over for, a few days back?"

"Oh! Well, sir, I had forgotten him."

"Well, I haven't forgotten him!" exclaimed the captain. "He won't let me forget, but by the beard of Neptune! when this gale is over with, I'll have that tall, slender scoundrel exposed if I have to rip the keel out of the old vessel!"

King carried a hand to his head and felt around his jaw in a gingerly way.

"Knocked out completely!" he added. "I gather from your manner that you have thought that stowaway was a myth. Maybe he is, but he hits like a mule when his fist plumps into mankind."

"The poor captain was dead unconscious," began the steward. 'You see, Mr. Mate, I found him——"

"Get yourself back below!" interrupted King curtly. "You're not paid to tell this story, so I'll do it myself. Now, Hunt, I left the cabin some time ago and was coming up here when I saw that tall, slender knave near Rollo's storeroom. I thought I had him brought to bay at last, and I darted after him. The passage beyond was dark, and I just rushed into that blackness and then—oblivion!"

"You fought with him, didn't you, sir?" cried Hunt.

"If I did you can't prove it by me. The next thing I knew I was brought out of a period of unconsciousness by the steward. Rollo had found me in the passage and nursed me back to consciousness. He never saw or heard the stowaway at all."

"The scoundrel must have struck you hard, sir."

"It's odd, but I've no recollection of a fight, a blow, or anything else of that sort. One instant I was chasing him, and the next, Rollo toted me back to life. Fill in the blank between any way you please, for I can't. At the very least I ought to remember a sense of crashing as I got that blow, but—no, sir, nothing like it. Just a blank! Mr. Hunt, when this gale is over we'll produce that tall, slender cutthroat and learn who he is, and what he wants in this ship, if we have to lay the ship bare by unrabbeting the garboard strake and clearing everything up to the spirketing."

"Ay, ay, sir!" the mate returned sympathetically.

"Now we'll drop him until the gale slips us. Is all well here, Hunt?"

The mate had the chance to consult his commander, which he proceeded to do, and as the passengers had not heard of the latest adventure, nothing more was said about the man of mystery then.

As the day waned, the violence of the gale increased, and with the riotous wind still on the ship's quarter, giant seas leaped at her with rage in their bound. It was an attack that would have tried a weaker craft desperately, but, tho no power could keep the Lady-for-Me on anything like a level keel, she rode with astonishing buoyancy.

Captain King chuckled at her performance, but there were sailors before the mast who were not so sanguine. Anxious looks went to tumbling seas and mist-shrouded rigging, and rough men mutely prayed that they might live to see calm waters again.

Night fell, and under the low-hanging clouds utter blackness swallowed the ship up hungrily. From that time she drove blindly, relying upon luck and her own strong hull.

The passengers were slow to leave the cabin, but as the first half of the night dwindled, Miss Ruhamah advanced the sensible idea that one could be more comfortable in bed than in a common room that persisted in almost turning handsprings, so she and her nieces were soon in their private quarters. They went without anything emotional in their manner, and yet all three knew what their companions would do with themselves soon afterwards.

When they were gone, Zachariah entered his own stateroom, donned an oilskin coat with which Captain King had supplied him, and then essayed to gain the deck.

Almost forty years of life in the Cumberlands had given him experience with rough scenes, but it was as nothing to what he met with when he put his head above the level of the deck. The Lady-for-Me, pounded by merciless seas, first shook the rash mountaineer severely, and then, when his feet had followed his head, tossed him like a ball.

Mr. Cragge went down, tumbled across the deck, brought up in the lee scuppers, thumped against the bulwark, and then alarmed, scrambled to his feet.

The fraction of a fathom away, the maddened waters waited for prey, but nearer yet a systematic net of ropes gladdened his heart. He pitched forward, caught at the ropes and held fast.

Spared by kindly providence, he was now firm upon his feet, his muscular fingers twined around the shrouds, in good position at last to make a fight for his life.

Drawing a deep breath, he looked about him. Deck lanterns did not burn that night, for they would not have escaped destruction, and the only bright spot in the blackness was the dull light from the binnacle. That light showed the mid-bodies of two men who fought with the wheel, trying to hold the beset vessel up to her task. Except for that half-light and the half-men, he saw no color and no evidence that other men were alive on the ocean.

Zachariah allowed his gaze to wander as far as was possible. Very little was to be seen. Blackness was everywhere, an intense gloom, thru which water and spray hurtled under the fling of the wind, but the sea was almost invisible and the ship nearly the same.

Better would it have been for weak nerves that this little were not to be seen, for a tumbling ship and vaulting waters make poor subjects for searching eyes.

The mountaineer, tho not terrified, was profoundly impressed by what he saw. Death stood by his shoulder and he knew it. To lose his grasp on the shrouds was probably to die, and to hold fast would be vain if the tortured vessel collapsed under the assault of the gale.

If the ship should turn upside down——

Zachariah's thoughts were broken as an object rolled heavily across the deck, thudded against the bulwark, struggled, came up, showing itself to be a man, and then righted itself close at hand. The observer gasped with complicated emotions.

Isaac Skarlott was only a few feet from him, and, like himself, was holding to the shrouds for life.

Mr. Cragge stared, meditated, and then drew a deep breath. He and Isaac had dared each other in the cabin, and neither had shown weakness of resolution. They had defied the raging gale, and now the feud masters stood together in the battle against storm and death.

Minutes passed, the wind and the waters held their sway, the Lady-for-Me fought to save herself from destruction, and the two time-pledged foes, seeing no man but themselves, kept their places almost side by side.

They were grimly silent, as bitter in their enmity as ever, scrupulously mindful that they were the leaders of the Cumberland feud, and yet one further fact was equally prominent then. Either could have slain the other by breaking his hold on the rope, but both scorned to do it. If enmity was on the one side of them, honor was at the other.

Other minutes passed. Zachariah's arms grew weary with the task of hanging to the rope, while the ship flung him almost off his feet, and once he looked toward the companion way, wondering if it were possible for him to reach that point alive and return to the comparative peace of the rooms below, but a new thought checked him.

To leave before Mr. Skarlott did might seem a confession of weakness of body or courage, one or both. This must never be. Zachariah resolved that he would not be the first to abandon that spot, not even if he remained there for days. It was a spot of vital danger. He must, he would outstay Isaac.

But other minutes passed. Overtaxed arms wearied still more, the ship itself seemed to be tortured. It plunged more madly, and the situation was harrowing. Far worse than danger from rifle or revolver, it was almost past endurance to remain there when nothing but sensitive pride kept them.

Only a short distance away the companion dimly showed a black mouth, and as Zachariah felt increased longing to get there, the stairway seemed to grow nearer, the approach to become less hazardous. A bold dash would, he felt confident, take him there safely.

But should a Cragge abandon a place

Zachariah's Thoughts Were Broken as an Object Rolled Across the Deck.

of peril while a hated Skarlott remained there?

"Never!" thought Mr. Cragge. "I'll outstay Isaac or die here!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE BROKEN SILENCE.

THE gale held and the wind and the sea were undiminished. That night the two Tennessee mountaineers learned, for the first time, what other men had to endure when they made their living as merchant sailors. They learned, and never before had the Cumberland range seemed so dear to them. Where the home woods lay firm and silent, the sea reached up furious columns to the sky and the winds wailed and howled as if in madness.

All this the Cumberlanders thought of, but the contrast only served to accentuate the weariness of their harshly tried arms. Somehow, the strain seemed to come upon muscles not previously used, even in their hardy life, and it became painful.

Now and then there was a slight lull, a pause in the gale's assault when there could be a brief partial rest, and these intervals were welcome but unreliable. Total cessation was what the mountain men desired.

Presently the worst convulsion of the storm that the Tennesseeans had witnessed occurred around the stricken ship. Wind and sea united in a fearful spasm that deafened the ears with clamor, cut the face as if with a biting lash, strained the upper rigging to its utmost, and flung the Lady-for-Me about until it seemed impossible for her to remain upright.

For the first time in their lives the Cumberlanders knew fear, and they clung tightly to the shrouds and shrank as close to the bulwarks as possible, but the force of the outburst finally abated, and was followed by one of the customary lulls.

The two men gasped, shivered, and then human nature demanded its due and human voices were suddenly unloosed.

"Mr. Skarlott, this is a strong wind!" shouted Zachariah.

"Sir, it certainly is a powerful wind!" Isaac shouted in return.

Again the gale raged, and five minutes passed with alternating periods of maximum and minimum violence, until, in one of the lulls, a man was to be heard thundering a sea order relating to the ship. The mountaineers heard and understood.

"Mr. Cragge, that was John King's voice," shouted Isaac.

"Sir, it was undoubtedly John," shouted Zachariah. "It is good to observe how masterfully he handles the ship, but, sir, I had rather be in the Cumberlands."

"Especially, sir, in the neighborhood of Josephus Knob."

"Just so, Mr. Skarlott."

Silence followed in numan speech, but not in the wrath of the storm. Zachariah's arms were wrung with pain from the many wrenches he had endured and his unceasing clasp, and he came to regard the mouth of the companion way as a region of delight. It led to the rooms below where one could have occasional moments of semi-peace.

Some minutes he studied that mouth and then abruptly turned to his companion at shroud-clinging. Once more he found his voice.

"Mr. Skarlott, it seems to me a waste of energy to remain here longer. Have we not seen all that's worth seeing?"

"I think we have, sir, and more, too. Unless folly is courage, we may well

"Fight?" He Echoed. "Yes, I Will Fight."

decide that this region does not suit us," said Isaac.

"I will suggest, sir, that we go below."

"Your suggestion pleases me, sir, and as it was you who made it in words, pray permit me to be the one to set the example in action. Will you allow me to lead the way?"

"The rush to the companion way will be dangerous, sir. May I advance the recommendation that we make the dash together?"

"Your plan has its advantages, Mr. Cragge. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready, sir."

"Now, sir!"

Punctuating their remarks liberally with the word "sir" so dear to the hearts of their home people, the feud leaders had achieved a diplomatic triumph. In view of the fact that they had long believed their chief mission in life was to shoot each other, it was impressive forbearance and gentlemanly generosity that they had now each considered the other before himself, and so arranged the retreat from the gale-swept deck that all stings to pride were absent.

Dashing for the companion way, they gained it after various lurches, and so passed down the steps just as they heard Captain King shout an order that all hatches be battened down.

The feudists entered the cabin. Nobody else was there, but the lamp that swung from the deck beam managed, in spite of its gymnastics, to emit a dim light. The men regarded each other unwinkingly.

"A bad night, sir," said Zachariah.

"A very uncomfortable night, Mr. Cragge. Nothing of this sort ever happens around Josephus Knob."

"The Cumberlands would not endure such weather, Mr. Skarlott. Sir, as I feel sleepy, I will wish you a good night."

"I thank you, Mr. Cragge. May you sleep well."

It was a good deal of conversation for men who had not previously spoken to each other for years, but no geniality had accompanied the words. Without being especially cold, both had been ponderously formal and distant, and nothing like a smile had appeared on their faces. They had shown no more warmth than two rocks on Josephus Knob might bestow upon each other, but a great gain had been made.

The feudists had broken their silence of years.

Now, bowing to each other with distant courtesy, they separated and entered their respective staterooms. That night they did not meet again.

Mr. Cragge found it hard to sleep, but once having accomplished the act, he remained unconscious of the active world for hours. When he awakened it was day, and the light that struggled into his room gave him a surprise. Leaping out of the berth, he went to the porthole and found that the heavens were no longer low and thick with rain-charged clouds. The little he could see of the sky was dappled bright blue and gray, as fleecy clouds scudded across the patches of clear color, and it was certain that the gale was dying.

Not yet did the sea show calm, however. Whipped as it had been by the wind, it would be slow to resume placidity.

It was certainly time for breakfast, and Zachariah dressed and left his room just in time to forestall the formal call to the table. All the others of the cabin party were before him, and he greeted them, beginning with the three ladies and following with Captain King. Then that quartette had a great surprise. Their mountaineer friends looked at each other and spoke.

"Good morning, Mr. Skarlott!"

"Good morning, Mr. Cragge!"

Captain King gasped. He had looked forward eagerly to this moment, but when it came it was staggering to him. It was, as far as he had seen, the first step in his cherished plan, the plan that had caused him to kidnap his two friends in the Cumberlands and bring them so far on a hope that, to all but himself, looked impossible of accomplishment.

The first step, and tho he marked the lack of cordiality in their manner and saw that, having spoken formally, Zachariah and Isaac deliberately shifted their gaze away from each other, he was so exultant that he could with difficulty keep his triumph within due limits.

Decidedly, he thought, his feud cure was bound to succeed.

Neither of the mountain men had confided in anybody, so the new departure was, perhaps, as much of a surprise to the ladies as to the captain, but they hid their delight better than he. Miss Ruhamah pursed her lips and nodded almost imperceptibly, while Magnet and Jewel, after a swift exchange of glances, seemed to grow deeply interested in studying the pattern of the floor carpet. If Zachariah and Isaac were feudists in transition, the two young ladies were demure mice in dress goods.

Breakfast was eaten. The forceful men from Josephus Knob said no more to each other, nor did they then mention that they had been on deck when the sea demons hurled their legions upon the ship, yet the gale was the absorbing subject of conversation.

"Practically all over with," said Captain King, composedly. "Very little of the wind is left—just enough, by the way, to blow the sky clear of clouds—but the water will demand its time to quiet down. Long after the breeze has sifted away to an infant's breath, the outraged Atlantic will beat upon our hull with sizable seas. That will make it hard to promenade the deck, but no harm will be in the water-hammers. Let them thump outside the Lady-for-Me and welcome. The gale-proof Lady will just laugh and scurry along."

This was comforting to the maritime novices, but the captain had another duty to attend to, and he did it as soon as he found Mr. Cragge alone, prefacing his remarks with a cordial hand-shake.

"Zachariah, it did me a world of good to hear you speak with Isaac. Ay, old friend, it's delightful that you have buried your feud."

"Sir, we have not buried our feud!" declared Mr. Cragge stiffly.

"Why, I supposed——"

"As an act of civility, and as respect for you and your ladies, John, I did pass a formal greeting with Mr. Skarlott. There has been no dropping of our feud, and there will not be any. Except for gentlemanly greetings, I do not even know that man."

"Do you mean——"

"The feud remains in full force."

The captain was about to start an argument, but thought better of it. With the preliminary step toward peace already taken, the best thing he could do was to let the reconciliation drift along. He ventured a remark that pressed upon him, however.

"Nothing would please me more than to see you happily settled in the home mountains, at peace with all mankind. Complete happiness, Zachariah, depends upon your quitting your bachelor life. Such a life, old friend, is only half a life. Zach, you should get married."

"E-r-r!"

It was Mr. Cragge's only comment, and before the captain could enlarge upon the subject, they were interrupted by the chance coming of Miss Ruhaman. Presently, not wishing to be partial, King took occasion to speak to the same end with Mr. Skarlott, whereupon that gentleman almost echoed what Zachariah had said.

"The feud between Mr. Cragge and myself has not been dropped," he asserted. "Far from it. I have decided to speak

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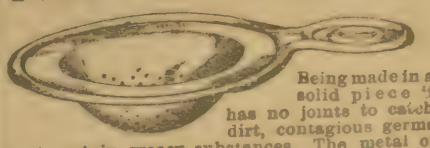

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briefly to him out of consideration for you, John. That's all I can do."

"Well, well, Isaac, I'll not pester you just now, but it would be fine to see you back in the Cumberlands, free from this dreadful feud. Yes, and Isaac, you need to do more. Single life is only a dwarfed existence. Ike, you ought to marry!"

"Um-m-m!"

So replied Mr. Skarlott, and he said nothing further. The captain was impressed by his taciturn replies, which were so much like Zachariah's noncommittal answer, but Isaac suddenly claimed to want speech with Mate Hunt, so he hurried away, ending the talk.

Captain King was not sorry. He had other business to attend to, and he went to Oliver Kenyon without delay.

"Young man, I've work for you to do when the sea abates enough so it's possible to keep one's feet," he announced.

"Work, sir?" Oliver repeated.

"Yes, to find our stowaway, the tall, slender man who has been kicking up such a rumpus in this ship. Unless caught, he will kill somebody yet."

"I'm ready to try, sir, but you and I attempted that task together, once before, and failed ingloriously."

"We are going to try again!" snapped the captain. "Mr. Kenyon, we will find that stowaway if we have to set fire to this ship to do it! While he's at liberty, murder is loose, too. He must be found!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD SEA ENEMY.

THE mate gave respectful attention to what was said, but was not prompt with his answer.

"You don't seem zealous," Captain King remarked curtly.

"I'm ready to try to the limit under your orders, sir," Kenyon replied, "but I am perplexed as to where we should look. In our former search for this same tall, slender man we saw all sections of the ship except the innermost parts of the hold that were packed solid with cargo so heavy that no one man could move the stuff. I'm ready to do more now, sir, but what can we do?"

"Isn't that stowaway aboard the Lady-for-Me?"

"I suppose so," Oliver admitted.

"Barring minor proof, look at the two principal items. A short time ago he knocked me out with a blow that has left an ache in my head. Call that item one. Now for item two. The fellow previously hit you under the chin and tumbled you into the scuppers. Maybe you might doubt that I was hit, but can you doubt your own experience? Is the tall, slender man fact or fiction?"

"Of course I cannot deny what you say," the mate returned. "But, sir, granted that we have such a man in the ship, where does he keep himself that we can't find him?"

"The post of a second mate, when a ship is stowing cargo in port, is in the hold, isn't it?"

"Certainly, sir," Oliver agreed.

"You saw all of our present cargo packed away. Any chance for a stowaway to hide at that time?"

"Stowaways do get into other ships, and, besides, I was not on duty night and day while our lading was going aboard."

"My question was foolish," acknowledged the captain. "Now, Kenyon, have we really got a stowaway, anyhow? Isn't it possible that the man-hitter is one of our known people, disguised?"

"Whom have we that's built like him? We have agreed that there is nobody in the forecastle lot that is so narrow of shoulders. Our steward is as slender as needed, but he's a mere wisp of a man, anyhow. He's not tall enough to fit the stowaway."

"About how tall would you call the stowaway? Dropping all thought of shoulder width, whom have we of the stowaway's tallness?"

"I should say he was about as tall as Miss Ruhamah King."

"Well, we can't believe it is she. My aunt is a muscular woman for her sex, but even if she could disguise herself properly, she would hardly qualify as a pugilist."

"Decidedly not, sir."

"Anyhow, talk will not develop the fellow. We have been whiffling in our ideas, but, of course, there is a stowaway. Start the search for him when the sea abates, and I'll bear a hand, too. We've got to find him."

Kenyon moved away, dismissed by a wave of the skipper's hand, but that officer stood deep in thought.

"If there's a stowaway, where is he? Of course a slight person can hide in a small nook, but where is the nook? Ah-h-h! who is that knave? About as tall as Aunt Ruhamah! Kenyon said that, and it's just what Zachariah said in describing the man who invaded his stateroom. About as tall as Aunt—why,

"Good Morning, Mr. Skarlott."—"Good Morning, Mr. Cragge."

we have no man in the ship built like her. No use to think about that item."

He dismissed the point, but not the plan of finding the author of these mysterious assaults. When Kenyon had been attacked, Captain King had been exasperated to learn that the dignity of his deck had been violated by such misuse of his second mate. Now, it was a hundred-fold worse that his own dignity had been outraged.

"A shipmaster is the equal of an emperor or a president while he is in his own vessel," the skipper explained to his sisters. "Just to think that I was struck, actually struck, when aboard the Lady-for-Me. Shocking, vile, hideous! Wait until I catch that scoundrel!"

The tall, slender man was not caught immediately. It was not until the next day that the sea subsided enough to make search advisable. Even when made, nothing came of it. The wits of the captain and his mates and sailors were stirred to the utmost, but the mischief-maker was not found. The mystery remained as deep as ever.

Two more days passed. The stowaway was not seen or felt. Weather had become delightful, and favorable winds and seas restored the good spirits of the people in the ship.

The captain was in high feather, as his aunt took occasion to remark to him when they were alone in the cabin on the last-mentioned day.

"Why shouldn't I feel cheerful?" he replied. "The Lady-for-Me came out of the gale without the slightest damage. No leak as small as a pin-point. Not a mast sprung, not a rope strand snapped. Aunt Ruhamah, to a sailor his ship is a living, breathing being, a kinswoman of his fireside, and the girl of his heart So much for the Lady."

"Strong but suitable!" murmured Miss King.

"Then, my feud cure is progressing finely. Zach and Ike no longer act like icebergs with arms and legs when they are together. True, they are hardly what would be termed cordial, but they speak to each other politely and—you may not believe me, but this morning they actually smiled at each other. Smiled!"

"Astonishing!" murmured Miss Ruhamah.

"And they are the leaders of the great Cragge-Skarlott feud, the men who were expected to shoot each other when at home alongside of Josephus Knob."

"We may safely believe the feud is forever dropped."

"And," triumphantly demanded the captain, "what did it?"

"Your feud cure, John."

"My well-planned scheme to cure their grudge. Yes, just so."

"You owe much to our girls."

"I certainly do. Jewel and Magnet have been zealous in my interests They have given almost constant attention to Zachariah and Isaac, and the result proves my foundation idea sound Womanly influence has done it.'

"You said at the beginning that was what you relied upon to effect the cure."

"'So I did, Aunt Ruhamah. Womanly influence, yes! All men have more or less of the savage in them, but our mountaineers have dropped that part of themselves under the allotted cure. I shall never cease to be grateful to Magnet and Jewel for devoting themselves so assiduously to Ike and Zach."

"It is delightful to have perfect peace in the ship."

"So it is," the captain declared, strong satisfaction in every word and look "Peace! That's what reigns in the Lady-for-Me. There is not one ripple of vexation anywhere, no cloud upon the sky of our content, not even a blemish of events to give us annoyance——"

He stopped short as Mate Kenyon appeared in the cabin, his steps long and quick.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you, sir," the young man said, "but I think you are needed on deck. That schooner is again in sight——"

"What schooner?" King broke in excitedly.

"Why, sir, that one that gave us so much trouble, the Don Jose."

"Do you mean to say she has appeared again?"

"That's what I tried to say, sir. We were slow in sighting her, for, as you probably noticed, there has been a fog-bank to the sou'ard, but when it lifted, there she was. She is flying the signal for us to stop, just as she did before her ill usage of us on that other occasion."

"That diabolical schooner back again!" huskily exclaimed the captain. "And ordering us to come to. Are you sure that's her signal?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll see her. Oh! flog me for a fool, why did I sail this voyage without rifles and revolvers aboard—but what would it matter when the Don Jose carried a big gun in her bows? She can sink us at her will, the jade! I'll see her!"

Before the last words were spoken he was at the companion way and mounting the first of the steps. The peace of the sea that he had been exulting in was gone, and anger and worry had place in his face.

"What can she want now?" Kenyon wondered, aloud.

"Maybe she wants to swap second mates with us!" growled King.

"Or even to swap captains," Oliver suggested, slyly.

"Eh? Well, bless my heart, that really isn't impossible. Yes, it may be her notion to exchange skippers. Anyhow, she may try to carry some of us away with her, just as she kidnaped Seth Bitley on her first call. Oh! there she is is she?"

A schooner was certainly off their weather beam, and those who remembered the Don Jose did not need a glass to resolve the present neighbor into the craft of mystery that had worried them formerly.

Captain King looked angrily at the fluttering signal that ordered him to bring his own ship to, an order without accompanying explanation.

"Destruction take the knave!" he exclaimed savagely.

"Shall you crack on, sir?" asked Mate Hunt.

"Do you take me for a fool?" retorted the skipper. "Our ship is a marvel of speed, but we have already raced that schooner and know her to be faster than we are. No, I'll not try to run away."

"Beg pardon, sir, but as we don't want him to hull us, what will you do?"

Mate Hunt was suddenly elbowed out of the way and Zachariah Cragge and Isaac Skarlott stood side by side at the captain's elbow.

"John," said the former, his voice rolling out deep and firm, "we are not sailor-men, and we're not masters here, but we respectfully petition that we be allowed to fight that meddlesome scoundrel yonder!"

"It isn't the Cumberland way, John," Isaac added, "to knuckle under to man or demon. We three men hold the honor of Josephus Knob in our care May we be permitted to give battle to that beast out there?"

Captain King wheeled upon his two friends with eyes agleam.

"Fight?" he echoed. "Yes, we'll fight to the death!"

"What," asked Hunt uneasily, "can we do to match that big gun they carry in their bows? They will fire from a long distance, and we haven't so much as a pistol to answer them with. They will riddle us——"

The schooner's cannon boomed and a shot fell athwart the other vessel's bows. It was the sea order that told them to halt or be sunk.

This time Captain King's wrath knows no bounds. He collects every weapon on board, from spars to belaying pins, and then calmly awaits the visitors' pleasure. The next installment is the last, and Captain King comes near to liking his feud cure no better than the schooner Don Jose, but every one else is satisfied and so you will be. Ledger, May 11.

What He Thought.

THE visitor had dropped in "just for a minute," but she remained about three hours after the minute was up

Little Freddie had formed several plans, the execution of which must be postponed till the departure of his mother's guest, so he sat quietly thinking things.

"Dear little man!" gushed the visitor. "And what is he thinking about so deeply?"

"I was wondering if it wasn't time for you to be going," said Freddie.

"Hush!" said his mother. Then, turning to her guest: "You mustn't be offended, Mrs. Smith. Children will go blurting out the truth without thinking, but they don't mean anything by it."

Then Mrs. Smith recollected that she had only three minutes in which to catch the last car home.

A Determined Parent.

A SOUTHERN man tells of a colored mother, living in a country district of Georgia, who was induced by her 10-year-old child to take him to the circus in a town near their home.

She borrowed a wagon and a mule and set out with her offspring for the circus The roads were bad—it had rained—and the youngster was frightfully fidgety. Finally the tired mother exclaimed:

"See heah, you Erasmus! Yo' set still! I've druv yo' ten miles to enjoy dis circus an' you shall enj'y it, ef I has to pull ebery hair out er yo' haid!"

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food remores every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

"Say Doctor, This Prescription Works Like Magic"—Physician Explains Why Nuxated Iron

Quickly Increases the Strength and Energy of Men and Brings Roses to the Cheeks of Nervous, Rundown Women

Ask the first hundred strong, healthy looking people you meet to what they owe their strength and energy and see how many reply "Nuxated Iron."

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Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), of New York and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of nervous, rundown, anaemic people suffer from iron deficiency but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to quickly enrich the blood, and thereby put roses in the cheeks of women and give men increased strength and energy.

Unlike the older forms of iron, Nuxated Iron does not injure the teeth nor upset the stomach, but is readily assimilated and you can quickly recognize its action by a renewed feeling of buoyant health.

No matter what other iron remedies you have used without success if you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test:

See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired; next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. To be absolutely sure of getting real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety always ask for Nuxated Iron in its original packages. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good druggist, with or without a physician's prescription, on an absolute guarantee of success by its manufacturers or money refunded. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores

Why One Woman Stole

By Dorothy Willis

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WHEN the chief of the great detective bureau told Kate Townley to report on the morrow for duty at Marshall's, she felt surprised. Marshall's was the largest grocery store in town, a cash store that relied on its customers to bring baskets with them and carry away their goods, a system which saved money and enabled the management to give first-class goods at rock-bottom prices.

Kate wondered what her job there could be and sought in the recesses of her memory for a case of shoplifting connected with a grocery store—it seemed an unlikely kind of thing somehow. On her way home she met two of the other women and as they stopped she was half inclined to ask if they had ever worked there, but something stopped the question and she let it pass. It was only later she remembered with satisfaction her restraint.

Her work, as one of the 200 detectives employed by the firm to watch customers in the large stores of the city, brought her in contact with an extraordinary side of human nature, the side that an optimistic world as a whole refuses to believe in, preferring to hope that there's a little bit of good in every bad little girl—or boy—and deliberately ignoring evidence to the contrary even when it is pushed before its eyes.

Kate Townley believed in no one. She had found too often behind the appeals made to sentiment by the women she apprehended, a supreme indifference to justice and a callous determination to escape penalty if possible by casting blame upon another.

The newspaper stories that accentuated whatever of a sob they could hear in the police court were to Kate merely pandering to the instinct she believed native to humanity, the instinct to acquire all that can be acquired for as little payment as possible.

She felt no sympathy with the woman she found stealing ribbons for her baby, because the baby as a rule had been abandoned long before its mother took to shoplifting, and when a young girl with tear-laden blue eyes pleaded the possession of a sick sister desirous of pretty lingerie, Kate generally sought the marks of the dope needle on those fair arms—and found them.

In the office of the chief they marveled at her insight into human nature. "I never saw any one like Miss Townley for sensing an old offender," was a common remark among the detectives, but more than once a suspicion of reproof entered the comment of the big boss as he heard her reports, for, manlike, he felt she was a little hard upon her own sex and perhaps somewhat hasty in her judgments.

Nevertheless, he and his deputies admitted freely that she was the best detective on their staff and invaluable to the firm. It was the custom of the chief to assign each woman detective to a certain place each day, without telling her whether suspicions were entertained concerning some one there or not. It was up to them, he reasoned, to see what was going on and often he found that they discovered something quite apart or different from the complaint made by a store manager if given the virgin field to explore.

Sometimes Kate Townley was on duty in the same department store six days at a stretch, always on a different floor each day, always unknown to the clerks, and unsuspected as anything but an ordinary housewife bent on purchases. Frequently she changed her clothes twice a day or added a coat or fur to her raiment that seemed to alter her appearance. Sometimes she bought trivial things to appease the irritation of a girl whose goods she had been handling side by side with a suspicious-looking woman, and sometimes she sent the clerk to find something she did not need in order to give opportunity, if it were wanted, to a girl she believed bent on stealing.

But whatever trick she played she never set a trap nor tried to inveigle any one into doing anything not already contemplated. For Kate Townley was on the square, relentless, unsympathetic, and even harsh, but on the square always, with her employer, with her accused and with her conscience—up to one certain day.

When she arrived at Marshall's, she asked to see the manager and was at once believed to be one of the firm's perennial "kickers," especially as she carried one of the store checks conspicuously in her hand. In his private room she presented her card and as the stenographer withdrew she sat down to listen to the complaint.

It appeared that systematic lifting of certain expensive, small goods was noticed by many clerks. One day it would be three or four cigars displayed on the counter near the door, the next morning it was a can of fois-gras or truffles or boned chicken, which seemed to be very popular.

A week back three glasses of tongue and a glass of sliced bacon were missed and only the day before a box of imported glace fruits, valued at two dollars, had disappeared.

The clerks were as mystified as the manager and complaints had been made by nearly every salesperson in the store, leaving no one under the suspicion of any one else. It was a general mystery, traceable only, the manager believed, to some queer customer no one had noticed.

The little newsboys who hustled their wares at either entrance were not in a position to dispose of such goods even if they could hide them, but the manager was half inclined to suspect one of the 16-year-old "corner boys" who dodged back and forth between blocks

But the Watching Detective Had Seen the Sweeping of Her Shawled Arm.

to observe the selling powers of their subordinates.

Saying nothing, with her black hair smoothed back and her snapping brown eyes demurely downcast, Kate Townley left the manager's room and went to work, ensconcing herself at the back of the bookkeeping department cage, with her back to the store and a couple of imposing-looking ledgers propped before her paper-cuffed hands. In front of her, reflecting a complete panorama of the shop, was a little, long mirror, hung upon the brass rods of the cage and negligible to an observer.

The store was crowded with people. It was about 11 o'clock and men and women of every rank of life were busy with their shopping affairs, entering the store, making their way with certainty from one counter to another, hesitating as if in consideration of the next day's needs, consulting lists given them by folks at home, and lingering after purchases, tempted by the array of fruits or cakes or by the thought of supplies required but not listed.

It was the typical busy American store at the moment when Herbert Hoover's admonitions were arousing the problem "How shall we buy what we need and need what we buy?"

Apparently busy with her ledgers, one hand beneath her chin, when her eyes caught the mirrored reflection of an old bent woman in a shady sunbonnet, Kate Townley became supremely attentive. She had seen the reflection twice and felt interested. The old lady was clad in rusty black with a thick shawl draped over her shoulders and she carried a large reed basket shaped like a bag, with woven handles across the top.

She stood at the pickle counter and the clerk in his white apron and coat leaned across the jars attentively to hear her murmured request for small dills. As he turned to get the little carton, his customer bent down to smell a large bowl of pickled fish. "Smells too salt," she said, as the man lifted a glass lid to get her order.

But the watching detective alone had seen the sweep of her shawled arm along the counter and the drop of two cans of choice sardines into the gaping maw of that reed basket.

In the mirror she watched her prey make her tremulous way around the store, past the cigar counter, where a feeble old hand was extended to aid passage, and incidentally to gather beneath the shawl four cigars from a display box. It was clumsily done, so clumsily that Kate wondered how on earth the clerks had failed to notice, but she remembered the soft hearts of men and the sentiment always shown towards old ladies, be they never so undeserving, and a grim smile played on her mouth.

The next move was toward the canned goods, when something seemed to warn the old woman and she changed her course, making for the door.

Kate was an adept at her work. Casually and quietly she slipped off the paper cuffs and shut the ledgers, keeping her eye upon the reflection of the shoplifter. Deliberately she pinned on her hat and walked out of the cage, past the cashier and bookkeeper, who exchanged a glance as she left.

And then, with swift steps, she followed the thief. At the corner the old woman climbed on a street car, followed by Kate. For an hour both women traveled into a remote district of the city, until the end of the line was reached. With half a dozen other passengers they alighted and Kate watched the old woman turn down a slight hill and enter a little brown house surrounded by flowers and small trees.

Thru Kate's mind flashed the thought that she was on the verge of a big discovery. She mentally noted the nearest telephone wires, from a house at the corner, and wondered if she would be compelled to use the tiny pistol she carried on every job. For once her imagination ran riot and her grim smile was in evidence when she walked to the door of the little brown house and knocked sharply.

There was a sound of rustling paper but no reply. With her foot on the threshold Kate pushed the door, and it yielded with surprising ease. She thought with scorn of the forgetfulness of thieves as she stepped into the room.

At a table in the center stood the old woman. On the table was a large box made of light wood and close beside it brown wrapping paper and string. As the detective appeared the woman's hand paused midway between the table and the box, and in the wrinkled old fingers was a glass jar of cooked tongue. Kate's hand closed like a vise upon the wrist and her brown eyes peered down beneath the sunbonnet that was loose at the string.

"What are you doing with these things?" she asked.

The gray head dropped in silence.

"A respectable old woman like you," said Kate; "do you know what you've done?"

No surprise, no fear, no indignation lighted the blue eyes that lifted their gaze to Kate's face. They were mild and soft and pale, eyes that perhaps had been a darker blue before the tears of life ran over their coloring.

"What's all this for?" pursued Kate, puzzled and wondering. "What are you doing with the box, anyway, that you need to steal goods like this? Didn't you think you would be caught some time? It's too bad a woman of your age wouldn't know better!"

The older woman opened her lips as if to speak, but turned then from the table to a chair, where she sank as if her knees suddenly had failed.

Kate stared in amazement at the contents of the big box; a dozen kinds of luxury she saw within, potted meats in quantity, cigars, canned chicken, preserves and candies, representing about fifteen dollars' worth of goods.

Suddenly the woman in the chair spoke. "I had to take 'em," she said. "I needed 'em."

"What for?" asked the detective.

"For my boy Dickie; he had to have 'em."

"Why, is he sick? What do you mean he 'had' to have them?"

"No, he's not sick, thank God; he's well and strong, my boy, but a month ago he 'listed and they sent him right off with the first to the training camp. He was so tall and strong, they needed men like him and I was proud he went."

"But he would be ashamed if he knew what you had done—ashamed of his own mother!"

The old woman looked up at the young one.

"He wrote to me about the things the soldiers get sent 'em—the other fellows there—he said they have all kinds o' things and they expect him to have 'em too. He said in one letter he'd rather face the German guns than those boys when the mail comes in and he gets nothin' to share with 'em. It broke my heart to read it and think he couldn't get anything. He had to have 'em, I tell you, and I made up my mind he should, and what's more, I tell you now, he shall have 'em."

Her eyes wandered defiantly to the handsome assortment on the table and their glance obtained a glint of pride.

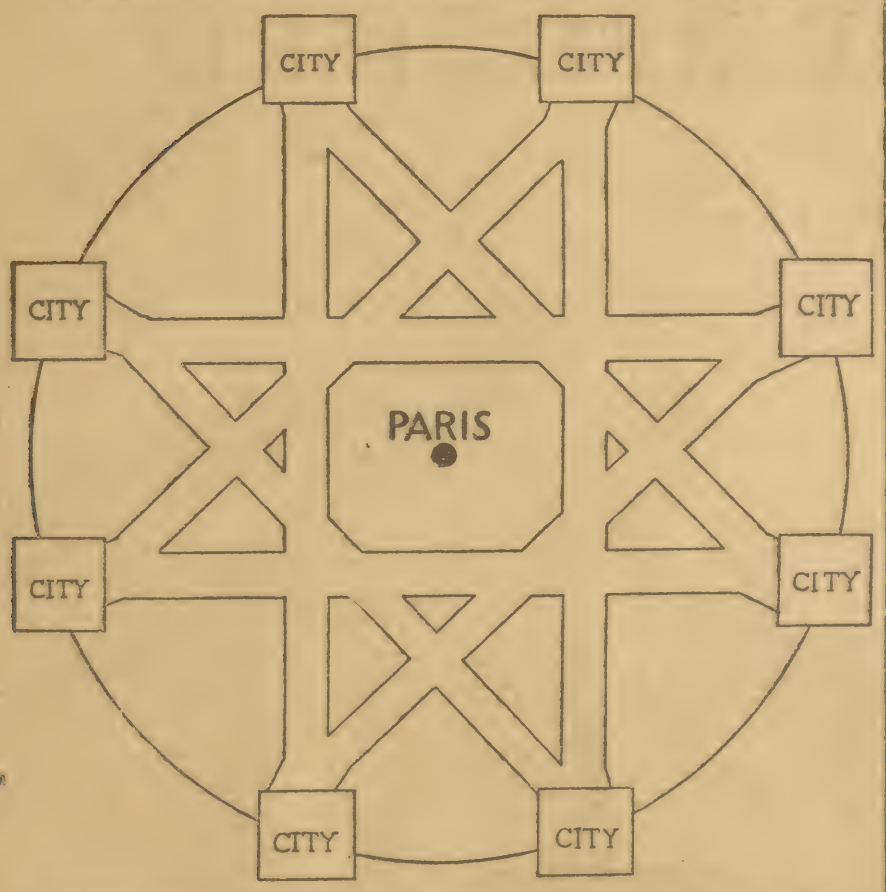
"You can put me to jail, so you can, but they're mine if I go to jail and pay for 'em and you can't stop me sending 'em."

From the table her defiant eyes lifted to Kate Townley's face. She was an old woman and her spirit, together with her trembling hands and drooping shoulders, was more than pathetic; it was sheerly tragic.

Kate was a hardened, unsympathetic woman. Her years of training had taught her to listen to tales of woe without a glimmer of interest or compassion. She prided herself that no man could entrench himself behind any more impregnable exterior than could she when criminals sought to appeal to her because of her sex. And while the old woman, with pale blue eyes and stooping shoulders, with gray wisps of hair showing beneath her sunbonnet and lips quivering with internal fear, was trying to frame the excuses she felt most reasonable, Kate was exceedingly busy. Her mind was calculating rapidly the price of that boxful of things. An old envelope helped her and grimly she noted it was from a letter of thanks sent her by a husband whose wife she had jailed without permitting publicity. It was not often she worried about

(Continued on Page 23.)

Here's a Novel War Game



SEVEN pennies or seven buttons or discs will serve to represent divisions of troops. Take one of them and move it in a straight line from one city to another. Follow it up with the other divisions. As soon as a city is occupied troops cannot be moved out, neither can the city be used as the starting point for another division. The object is to locate all seven divisions. No cutting of corners is permitted.

THIS is the latest thing in puzzles and it threatens to become one of the big successes of the country. It was the result of a dream of its inventor who had been reading war strategy just before he fell asleep. His dream was that he was on top of the Eiffel tower in Paris and that all over the surrounding country he saw troops being moved from city to city. What struck him most was that the troops always took the shortest cut, which every one knows is a straight line.

The puzzle came to mind as soon as he had awakened. He drew it on paper and started in to solve it. Right away he was against a snag. He could move all the divisions correctly but the seventh. Finally he solved it. Can you do likewise? The puzzle may have been devised in a dream, but it takes some one who is wide awake to solve it.

Universal Urge

"IT'S a cinch spring is here, ain't it, Mrs. Davis?" began the janitor's wife, shouldering her mop stick. "You can feel it in the air already and it's beginning to tell on the tenants. Every year this time it's the same thing over again. The first two nice days we have, why, every woman in the building gets uneasy and wants to move away somewhere.

"They don't care where or know where, either, but just so they go they're satisfied. Even I get that way myself. I ain't no exception to the rule, Oswald, my husband, says. When I see them other ladies all excited about new flats and neighborhoods and getting ready to beat it on May day I get a kind of lonesome feeling in my heart.

"Gee, Mrs. Davis, you don't know how it gets me! I'd like to walk around different hallways for a change. I'd like new windows to wash; new stairways, with different bends in them, to clean up for a change. The change would do me good.

"I'm tired of the people I've been gabbing with all year. Not you, of course, Mrs. Davis; you are always fresh and entertaining, but if I moved into a new building and had to get acquainted all over again it would be like a vacation. With Oswald, my husband, it's different. He's satisfied where he is and calls me a regular gypsy girl—always wanting to be on the go. Can you imagine that when I'm on the job here for the last fourteen years?

"A man don't see a woman's side of it. He has his good times out playing penny ante two nights a week with the other janitors at their club. He gets out shopping every day buying new scrub pails and everything.

"All I do is pass around all day trying to do my work and listen to the other tenants' troubles. There ain't much pleasure in that when they don't seem to show much fun in listening to mine.

"I'm tired giving out sympathy for nothing when I don't get no interest on it, as Oswald says. Tonight I'm going to have a confidential talk with my husband about this whole thing. If you and all my other lady friends move out from the building he ain't going to expect me to stick around like a weeping willow. It can't be done. I've been reading in the papers lately a few things about woman's rights and it's beginning to get me interested. See!"

* * *

Why One Woman Stole

(Continued From Page 22.)

husbands and their feelings. Her calculations done she turned to the shoplifter.

"Send your box off to Dickie today," she said. "I'll see to the rest of it. But don't you do such a thing as that again. It's against the law for citizens to commandeer, even for the benefit of the United States Army. I guess there'll be rules against this sort of thing for Dick and his kind before long, it's too much of a temptation. Anyway, promise me you'll never do this again, even for your boy. He must learn to face the music. He must make the boys appreciate him for what he is, not for what he has to share with them. Besides, you know he'll be spoilt for the trenches if he is given so many luxuries now. Send him these things and say they're from a friend of his mother. But tell him you can't send anything more."

The old woman rose to her feet and held out her hands. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she sobbed. "But the Lord bless you and keep you; it's a good woman you are and a kind woman and all!" "You see I'm Irish, too," smiled Kate, "and I knew by that basket and shawl you were Irish!"

* * * * * * *

When the woman detective turned in her report on the Marshall store, she wrote: "Store received check for goods missed this afternoon; manager desires no publicity in the matter." But that night when she brushed her hair in her bedroom, she pondered. For once she had not been on the square, neither with her chief nor her conscience. "And a kind woman and all!" she quoted, and the ghost of a tender smile curved the red line of her lips.

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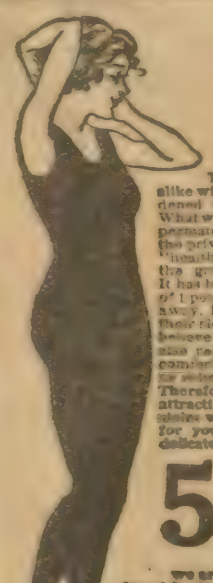

How To Easily

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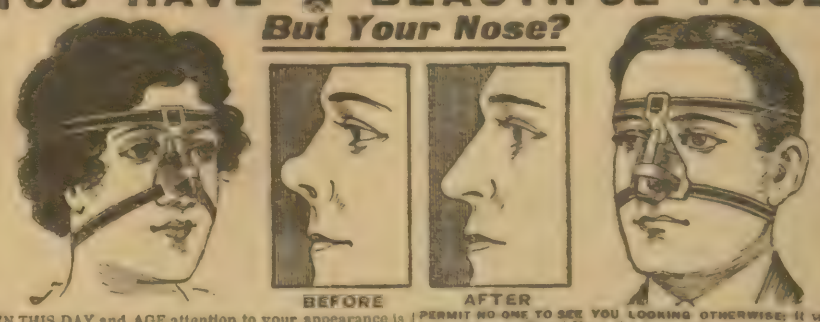

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

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Second Installment of a Smashing Serial of the Great Cow Country

TRAILING THE RED HERD

By Joe Mills

What Already Has Happened.

CATTLE rustlers have driven off the red herd from the Adams ranch. The red herd is the pride and chief wealth of the Adams family, representing years of labor and sacrifice. Mr. Adams and the sheriff, Monty Attel, a famous gun man, head a party in pursuit. With them goes Mr. Adams' 16-year-old son, Andy. Andy has resolved never to return until the red herd has been found and brought back. They proceed to the Bad Lands, the mountainous rendezvous of the cattle rustlers, and, following the tracks of the herd, eventually are led to a hidden pass, which leads into a remote region unknown to the pursuers.

This thrilling story began in No. 17, the Ledger dated April 27. Back copies containing the earlier parts may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail from the office of publication.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

TWO hours passed, and still there had been no attack. They had topped the great Continental Divide now and were slowly dropping down the western slope. Ahead lay a land unknown to all. Certain it was, tho, that this land of mystery was the hiding-place of the great band of rustlers. The long arm of the law had been sweeping the cattle ranges free of rustlers until only a few bands remained; and these were so well established in far-away hiding-places that the law had not yet developed the power to reach them. Monty said that this was the first time he had ever ventured over the divide. It was Monty's opinion that the pass they'd found was undoubtedly the famous Lost Pass that had witnessed so much lawlessness.

The trail dipped suddenly and dropped down the rocky slope with many twistings and windings. If the rustlers had cared to leave a trap they could not have found a place better suited to their purpose. But either they did not choose to fight, or they did not fear an attack now that they were in their own region.

Some time later the punchers came to scattered trees and soon they were passing thru groves, centuries old. The trail had to be felt out as the darkness was intense among the trees.

When they came to a little valley where the grass was heavy and where a stream came dashing down the mountain, Mr. Adams called a halt. He ordered them to camp and wait for daylight. No fire was lighted. The horses were all hobbled before being turned loose. A guard of seven men was posted to guard the camp and to keep the horses from wandering.

In the night an alarm came. A horse snorted in the thicket and tried to run, but his hobbles had tripped him and he had gone down with a crash. One of the men on guard thought he saw something moving near the scene and opened fire. The camp was awake upon the instant, and the men waited breathlessly. A minute passed. Then another. Still nothing happened. There was no attack. It had been a false alarm. The men did not return to sleep, however, but sat in silence, each holding a ready rifle across his knees.

Dawn showed them a winding valley which led down the mountain between green walls of trees. Men sent out to scout reported that the valley broadened below and that other little valleys extended up the canyons at every hand. One of the men who had climbed a shoulder of the mountain reported that he had seen cattle a few miles down the wider valley.

After a hasty breakfast the punchers rode forward. Two scouts rode out in front to prevent, if possible, any danger of ambush. Presently the party swung into the broad valley and followed the beaten path where many cattle had been driven.

The two scouts in front stopped suddenly. They were looking ahead intently, but were showing no signs of danger. The rest of the party spurred up to see what had been sighted. They came out on a little promontory, and below, in a little sheltered valley, was the red herd!

There were no rustlers in sight. But down the valley a slow wreath of smoke was rising above the tree tops and swinging around the base of the mountain. It was such a peaceful scene that for a moment Andy forgot what had brought him there. Then Monty Attel whirled his horse and dashed back up the trail; and this swift action recalled to Andy their nearness to the rustlers and impending danger.

Mr. Adams left the others behind and rode forward a hundred yards. He sat his horse for a moment and searched the valley with his glasses. Finally he fixed his gaze upon the spot where the smoke showed above the trees and looked long at it. Then without haste he turned his horse about and rode back quietly to where Andy and the others waited. Monty returned at the same moment and reported that no one was in sight to the rear.

But the whole situation was puzzling. Undoubtedly the rustlers were a strong band. But even this fact did not account for their apparent carelessness in leaving the herd unguarded. Still there was the telltale smoke of their camp down the valley, so perhaps they did have a guard posted after all.

There was a rustling in the woods near at hand and like a flash Monty's gun leaped out. Others were close behind. For a moment they waited—each with a finger lightly curling about the trigger of a waiting gun. From the thicket emerged a squirrel that straightway proceeded to scold with all his might at the sight of intruders in his domain.

Guns went back into their holsters. Monty laughed heartily, but the others were still nervous from the tenseness that had gripped them when they thought the attack had come. But it was not quite time to fight.

A shot came from the rear. Every man turned his head to listen. Two more shots cracked in the distance; then in rapid succession came a string of shots, as tho some one was busily emptying a Winchester. Several of the men dropped down from their saddles and led their horses a short way off the trail where they could have shelter of the trees or rocks.

Down the trail came the Mexican cook. His hair was flying and his hat gone. In his hand he still held a repeating rifle. At sight of his friends he brought his horse to a sudden stop.

"They're behind us," he panted, breathlessly. "Saw five men coming down the trail. They're strangers. Quick as they saw me they shot. I made a run for it and pumped my rifle on the way."

There was something overwhelming in the conduct of the rustlers. Not once had they made an attack. Several times they had made a show, but only enough to prevent pursuit from becoming troublesome.

Led Their Horses Where the Going Was Bad.

Monty and Mr. Adams were talking in low tones. Presently Monty slid out of his saddle and slipped silently into the thicket. The red herd grazed quietly. Overhead a great eagle circled. The valley was still as death. A great tenseness was gripping every man. Minutes passed. At every rustle in the thicket the men started. Then Monty came back as noiselessly as he had gone. The cook had been only partly correct; there were ten men instead of five, guarding the back trail.

Mr Adams signaled the men to him. And when all were crowded close he said, "Boys, I guess the jig's up. They've got the back trail covered and there's no telling how many are waiting down the valley for us. I know every man of you is willing to fight, and that you can shoot fast and straight. But there's no use. We can't get the herd away. We could sail into those fellows on the back trail and clean them out. But, boys, it'll cost the lives of half of us to do it. What's the odds if we do get a dozen or so of these rustlers? Why, I wouldn't give the life of one of you boys for the whole pack of these scoundrels. We can't get the herd out, so what's the use of letting the fight come?"

For a moment there was silence. Several men dropped their hands from gun butts. All waited eagerly.

It was Monty Attel who broke the silence.

"Boys," he broke in quietly, "the big boss is right. They've got us trapped in the valley. If we make an open fight of it, there won't be three of us to get away to tell the story. We've got to make the biggest bluff. If it works, all right. If it don't—— " Monty unconsciously slid his quick hand toward his hip where a heavy gun hung within easy reach.

The men showed no signs of fear. Several spoke at once, "We're with you, Monty, What's your game?"

Monty leaned close to Mr. Adams. A few words passed. Then the men shook hands.

Andy caught a nod from his father and rode forward. Down the trail they all rode. There was no haste, no hurry. They did not look back. The red herd parted and they rode thru the valley as quietly as tho making a count of the cattle. They scattered along as tho danger was the last thing they expected. However, each man held his rifle across his saddle and every man had two heavy guns in holsters at his hips.

Below the herd they came in sight of the camp and could see men moving about. Still there was no confusion. The rustlers sat about the camp fire or lounged in the sunshine as quietly as tho the approaching band was some of their own riders.

Fifty yards from the camp fire Monty lifted his hand and the punchers halted. Monty rode forward alone. Twenty-five yards from the nearest group of men he slid out of his saddle and advanced slowly.

A big man detached himself from the circle about the fire and advanced to meet Monty. When the two were twenty feet apart, both stopped. Monty was bent over. His hands were held waist high and his fingers partly bent. The big man held his right hand within six inches of his gun butt. Every one waited. The men around the camp fire all sat or lay or stood in such manner that their hands were almost touching their guns. There was something catlike in the poise of Monty. Andy had never seen Monty in action before, but he recognized the stoop and the ready hands. Monty was the greatest gun fighter on the side of the law in all the mountain regions. His name was enough to strike terror to any band of rustlers. In that wild life where the quickest man on the draw was law, Monty had held a wide circle of the West to order for many years and his fame had gone wide into the regions infested with rustlers.

"Brown," said Monty when the big man halted.

"Monty Attel," replied the big man, evenly.

At the big man's words the rustlers froze to their positions. Not one moved a hand or shifted his position. Monty Attel, gun fighter, stood before them. They could get him, of course, if they all drew at once; and could get every man in his party. But who was going to draw first? No man had lived who had tried to beat Monty to the draw, and this great gunman had been defending the law against all comers for nearly a score of years.

For a thousand miles the name of Brown was well known. Up and down the border and far across the line into Mexico this great head of the cattle rustlers ruled the lawless band. There was a price upon his head. For years he had furnished the brains and the daring that had brought to his hand thousands upon thousands of stolen cattle and had made him feared by every man in his employ.

Even with death so near at hand Andy felt a thrill go over him. Here was the great Brown, ruler of men, fighter, fearless and terrible. And facing the great outlaw stood Monty Attel, calm, just as fearless, and a greater man—for he dared to do right.

"Monty, I'm glad to see you," said Brown as he advanced.

Monty did not move. Andy saw him crouch a bit lower and his hands move almost imperceptibly nearer his two big guns.

Brown advanced ten feet and stopped. He made no show that he had seen Monty's increasing alertness.

"Brown, we're going to ride down the valley a bit," Monty remarked coolly. "Do we go peaceable—or is it a fight?" And with these words Monty's hand crept to almost touching distance of his guns.

The big man laughed outright. "Help yourself, Monty," he laughed. "It's a free country, you know. Sorry you and your boys won't wait for dinner."

Again Monty swept them off their feet by his cool daring. For no sooner had the great outlaw spoken than Monty

turned his back squarely upon him and stalked back to his horse.

Monty swung into his saddle and touched his horse with his spur. Two minutes later the punchers, with Monty at the rear, and Andy and his father riding ahead, were out of sight of the outlaw camp and riding rapidly down the valley. None but Monty had spoken. There had been no shots. Monty Attel had made the biggest bluff—and won.

But there was still trouble ahead. They were in the wild region which was entirely in the rustlers' hands. Brown, the greatest of all the rustlers, and the head of the band, was between them and their own range. The red herd was still intact, but there was nothing that could be done to recover it. Perhaps in five years more Colorado would be big enough to have State militia. But as things stood now, each locality had trouble enough of its own in fighting off continued raids by the rustlers. When citizens did capture rustlers, they wasted no time in stringing them up to the nearest tree. But it was not often that they took any alive. The rustlers well knew the fate that awaited them and sold their lives as dearly as possible.

Ten miles down the valley Andy's father swung off the trail and turned his horse into the forest fringing the widening valley. Soon the party was working its way up the rocky mountainside in the direction of the great divide. It was not until they were some distance off the trail and well hidden in the forest that Andy's father stopped.

"Boys," said he, "we were lucky to get away from those fellows alive. They had us outnumbered two to one, and they are great shots, every man of them. Do you know that we've seen about as choice a collection of cutthroats today as one could ever wish to see?"

The men walked and led their horses where the going was bad. They did not camp, for there was no food. The Mexican cook had saved his "Bacon"—but nothing to eat. The men talked little. Deep down in every man's heart was a growing resentment. The fact that their lives had been spared was apparently the last thing they considered.

As they climbed up slowly toward the great banks of snow, Andy had time to think. During the pursuit there had been so many diverting things, and danger had lurked so close always, that he had had no time to reflect. But now it came to him all at once—the red herd was gone. Was lost beyond their power to recover. Tears came to Andy and he wept silently. Several times he gripped his gun butt and faced back for a savage look at the peaceful valley that hid such terrible men.

It was dark when camp was made. Monty Attel had slipped on ahead and had killed a nne deer. So camp was made at the spot where food was to be had. There was grass in plenty for the horses and a dashing little stream came sliding down among the rocks. Far below the valley wound its way in and out around the base of the mountains. All was peaceful. Still not one of them knew the color of the sky or that the valley below was quiet and inviting.

When darkness shut out the sight of the valley and the savory odor of broiling venison filled the air, the men revived somewhat their good spirits; and even fetched a snatch of song at the end of the meal. They were hardy men who took life as they found it. They would willingly face death, fight, love and forget, with that unmindful consciousness that marked them for men of the open range.

At daylight next morning some one poked the fire together and piled fresh fuel upon it. Soon there was a growing fire and the camp was astir. The men scattered to find their horses and make sure that they had not strayed far during the night. Venison steaks were set against hot rocks to broil while others were impaled upon willow sticks and held close beside the flames.

For an hour there was a continual coming and going about the camp fire. Then the steaks were ready and the call went up for hands to assemble. The call was re-echoed up and down the mountain and men came in from all directions leading their horses and making haste to be in time.

When they were assembled around the fire and each had secured a savory piece of venison, some one inquired for Andy.

Each looked at other. All had thought him somewhere about the camp. But no one had seen him. His horse was not there. Andy had disappeared. Where or why he had gone no one knew.

Breakfast was forgotten. The men scattered and began searching the mountain for tracks. Monty Attel found where a horse had been led down the mountain and alongside the horse tracks were those of Andy. The boy's tracks were easily distinguished from those of men because they were not so large. But Andy's father did not search the mountain. Instead of joining the men Mr. Adams went straight to the spot where he and Andy had made their beds of balsam boughs.

Upon the sharp end of a twig against the tree near where Andy had slept was a folded paper. Mr. Adams snatched the paper and opened it hastily. Then he called the men.

Word passed quickly that Andy had left a note to his father, so the men came crowding about Mr. Adams to hear what explanation Andy left for his strange disappearance:

> Father, I'm going to try a plan for getting back the red herd. I know you'd not approve of it if I waited to tell you, so I thought best to go at night. The blame will be all on me if I make a failure. I'm going to get out of this region and try to strike some of Old Brown's men. Then I'm going to be one of their band; yes, join the rustlers! Then, if I can, I'm going to get in with the men who are driving the red herd. If I do this you'll hear from me, sometime, I don't know when, of course.
>
> Give mother and Jim love for me and take good care of them 'till I get back. Say good-by to the boys for me, too. Always yours,
>
> ANDY.

The men stood around with bared heads. Andy had undoubtedly gone to his death upon the foolhardy errand. Mr. Adams stood silent. Monty Attel alone spoke:

"If that Andy boy keeps his head, and I'll play him to win, he will be in with the rustlers thicker'n molasses. And if he gets in with 'em, I wager my gun hand he'll get back the red herd."

There were exclamations of approval and the men went off by twos and threes to discuss the departure of Andy and the wild mission that had called him.

Andy led his horse, Scud, quietly out of camp and picked his way slowly down the mountain. When he came to the open valley again, he found the trail and swung into the saddle. Scud went down the gentle slope at a smart pace. Several times Andy dismounted and led Scud off the trail and circled wide thru the trees. Once he did this when he discovered a sleeping herd of cattle, which he feared might stampede and set the rustlers to inquiring why; and once he smelled the smoke of a camp fire somewhere ahead and made a long detour to get around it.

When dawn came faintly, Andy left the trail and made camp in the thickest clump of trees he could find. From this retreat he could look down at the little valley half a mile below. Altho Scud had never left him when turned loose to graze, Andy took the precaution to hobble the horse. Then he broiled some of the venison he had brought along and after making a hearty meal on the meat he lay down to sleep.

At night Andy traveled. He had no idea where he was going, except that by the stars he knew he was heading westward. Progress was slow, for he had no knowledge of the region. Trails crossed and crisscrossed. Many times Andy discovered that the trail he had taken was leading him to the southward and he was forced to double back.

During the day Andy always made camp wide of the trail and in some wild spot where there was little danger of discovery. Not once in the nights he had been traveling had he seen a human being. He had seen many signs, however, that told him he was still in the land of the rustlers.

The fourth morning Andy found his camp site rather later than usual and the sun was shining before he came at last to a sheltered spot that suited his purpose. Before him spread a wide valley. A few log houses were grouped near the edge of the valley and winding across the level stretches were irrigation canals. Here was civilization. But was it the home of some pioneer settler or the valley of the rustlers? This question troubled Andy during the day and he could not decide what to do. He slept little that day. Many times he sat up and looked long at the peaceful valley below. At last, toward evening, he

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50c BOX FREE TO ANY SUFFERER

Up in Syracuse, N. Y., a treatment for rheumatism has been found that hundreds of users say is a wonder, reporting cases that seem little short of miraculous. Just a few treatments even in the very worst cases seem to accomplish wonders even after other remedies have failed entirely. It seems to neutralize the uric acid and lime salt deposits in the blood, driving all the poisonous clogging waste from the system. Soreness, pain, stiffness, swelling just seem to melt away and vanish.

The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that its owner wants everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free 50c package from him to prove just what it will do in every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 50c package free if you will just cut out this notice and send it with your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally."

F. H. Delano, 96 R Wood Building, Syracuse, N. Y. can send only one Free Package to an address.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of BED-WETTING. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. There is a cause for this trouble. If your children trouble you in this way try Mrs. Summers' safe and successful home treatment, which has been a blessing to hundreds of families. Ask your druggist, or write today for FREE TRIAL and useful information; send no money, but address The Summers Medical Co., Box W, South Bend, Ind.

GALL-KLENZ A SCIENTIFIC PREPARATION A WONDERFUL SUCCESS which is ABSOLUTELY SAFE and DEPENDABLE. It RELIEVES and REMOVES GALLSTONES, STOMACH or LIVER Troubles, Indigestion, Gas, Colic, Pains in sides, Heartburn, Appendicitis signs, Jaundice, and all Liver-gall Disorders. GALL-KLENZ (not an oil) has cured hundreds after all other remedies, physicians and even operations failed for less than 3¢ a treatment. Every sensible sufferer desiring results should write today for PROOF and GUARANTEE. F. A. R. CHEMICAL CO. 1061 PENOBSCOT BLDG DETROIT, MICH

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—Everything FREE.

EARN $40 TO $60 A WEEK in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

DON'T WAIT! DON'T DELAY! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.

SPENCER MEAD CO. Dept. 1101, CHICAGO

GET THIS New Delta Fountain Pen Outfit NOW

A Wonderful Offer

Has fine black polished, hard rubber, scroll finished barrel with 14K Gold Pen. Perfect fitting air tight joints. No metal parts to corrode or rust. With this pen we send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a supply of 20 of the New Delta Ink Tablets. Fill the pen with water—drop in one of the tablets. Immediately produces a strong black permanent ink. Presently it dries and the carbon in the ink left on the paper is proof against fading, chemicals, age, etc. No danger of skipping. Now being used by principal business houses throughout the country. The outfit makes a splendid gift. Just the thing for the boys in France and in the Army or Navy. Send them an outfit so they can write to you. Get one yourself. The pen can be filled anywhere any time. Send $1.00 at once for complete outfit. Explanation of our opportunity offer enclosed in box with pen.

$1.00

DELTA CO., P. O. BOX 118, CHICAGO, ILL.

RUPTURE

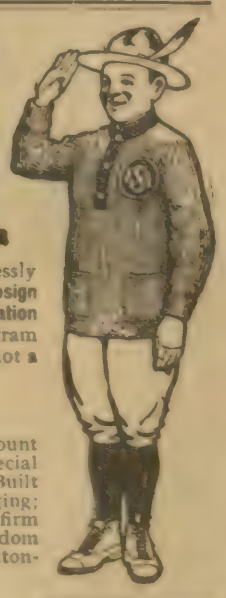
New Invention With Great Healing Power That Never Fails to Give Instant Relief. Free From Strangulation and Operations. Stands in a Class by Itself Without a Fault. The Arrow Points to the Secret.

My Hollow Cushion Shield is different and an improvement over all Rupture Appliances. The secret of this **wonderful invention** is that the shield extends beyond the rupture edges and thus affords a soft holding surface. This allows the injured parts to **relax** and settle in the **hollow**, and aids **Mother-Nature** in a **healing** way. It holds by covering. Not by a severe pressure and a **round face pad** which **painfully corks** the rupture, making it larger each day. You, who are wearing **iron bands** and **round face pads** and having been disappointed and discouraged, paying out money and **no cure** but getting **worse. Let me help you.** Send for my little booklet which is fully illustrated, with price list and measurement blank attached. **Now listen!** It will **hold** you with **ease** and **comfort. Cheap.** Single $5.00, Double $6.00, Navel $7.00. **Remember,** you send **only part the price** with **order. Balance when cured.**

This is left to your own honesty.

Address: J. L. BRENNAN, 100 MAIN ST., CERESCO, MICH., U. S. A.

BOYS—A Special Lone Scout Sweater With Official Monogram



Just the thing for winter, for sport and for work. Made expressly for our boys, to be worn with the Lone Scout Uniform. **Same design and quality as U. S. Army sweater coat, with military collar and regulation pockets.** Body of sweater is gray, collar blue, Lone Scout Monogram in red and blue. No dye to fade. Sweater strictly pure wool—not a thread of cotton in it.

"Warm as a Stove"---Weighs 2 Pounds

Sweaters of this quality sell for $6.50 or more at retail. On account of buying in large quantities and selling at cost, we furnish this special sweater to our boys for $4.00. Weight of sweater is 2 pounds. Built to last, firmly knit with special shape retaining features; no sagging; double bottom, will never stretch out; sloping shoulders; a tight, firm stitch where the wear comes, but sufficiently elastic to give freedom to the body; all seams protected against ripping; tailored buttonholes which will never get larger.

Lone Scout Sweater With Official Monogram $4

Order now and get the full wear out of your sweater. Be sure to state your size. The sweater is $4.00 and if you want us to prepay shipment, send postage with order. Shipping weight of sweater is 2 pounds.

LONE SCOUT SUPPLY COMPANY,
512 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
The only Company that Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment.

saddled Scud and began working his way down the mountain.

Andy was leading Scud quietly thru a thick grove of big trees when he came face to face with a man who carried a rifle across his shoulder and had a heavy gun slung at his hip. For a moment the two stared at each other. But Andy's wits were sharpest:

"Hello, stranger," greeted Andy easily. "Can you tell me if I can get a night's lodging in the valley?"

"You've come to a powerful strange place to get lodging, young man," and the man eyed Andy critically. "But I reckon they won't turn you away, seein' as you're alone."

Andy started forward and had gone a dozen paces before the man halted him. "Say, young feller," demanded the man, "are you alone?"

Andy glanced back the way he had come as tho eager to know the answer to the question himself. "Hope I am," he replied, meaningly.

The man chuckled. "So you're hittin' the trail to get away from something, eh? Well, there's a lot of us here for the same reason."

Andy shrugged his shoulders and led Scud forward again. The man watched them out of sight among the trees.

Scud had lost a shoe with their rough night riding and Andy was tired and his clothes torn. Both horse and rider had the appearance of having covered long distances in short time and their appearance fitted exactly into the impression Andy desired to make.

Scud jogged along quietly toward the log buildings ahead. As they came up a couple of men lounging in the yard watched them keenly. Andy rode into the yard and close to where the men waited. "Could you take a feller in for the night?" he inquired.

The men did not answer. Instead they repelled Andy with sharp looks. Then the door opened and Andy gave a violent start. Old Brown stood before him.

Andy was in a tight place. Would he be recognized and his life be the forfeit? His wits were working fast as he waited for the head of the rustlers to speak. Go on with this story by reading the installment in the Ledger next week.

* * *

A Marathoner.

FLATBUSH—"Got a mortgage on your place?"

Bensonhurst—"Oh, yes, a Marathon mortgage"

Flatbush—"What's a Marathon mortgage, pray?"

Bensonhurst—"One that runs twenty-five years."

Permanently Relieved His Piles

Now 88 Years Old, But Works at Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method for relieving piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, suppositories, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Homer, Mich., June 27, 1917.

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy. Yours truly,

J. L. LYON.

Don't let a doctor cut you and don't waste money on foolish salves and suppositories, but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the Permanent Relief of Piles.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc., have failed.

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

E. R. Page,
382 C Main St., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your Method to:

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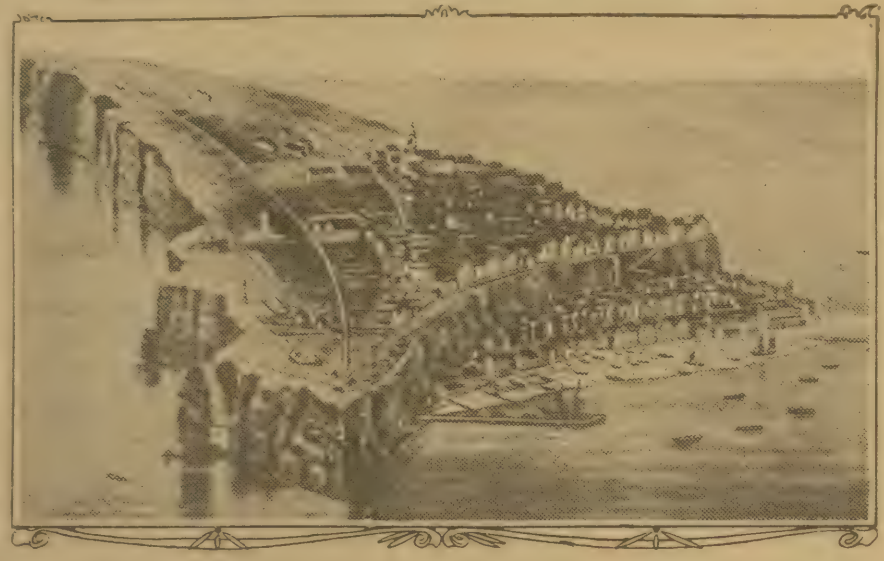
Behind This Rock Hides the Kaiser's Navy



This is Helgoland, the rock that guards the Kaiser's navy, the fortress which has held off the Allied navies since the war began. When England traded it to Germany, Bismarck, the great German chancellor, said: "England has got a nice pair of trousers, Germany a button."

IF THE Allies knew what was going on in Helgoland and the things that are planned there, the Kaiser's navy—hiding behind it, protected by mines, nets, submarines and big guns—soon would be compelled to come out and give battle. It's as much as a man's life is worth to even try to get within looking distance of Helgoland. Allied spies have tried it—and disappeared from the face of the earth. Still there are times when the German ships or airplanes go out for a sortie when their intentions are known and blocked. Have the Allies succeeded at last in planting an informant, or more than one, on this bulwark of Germany?

It is not only possible, but probable. How, you ask? In the number of the Ledger dated May 11 will be started one of the most thrilling war serials written in months. It is based upon the possibility of having an Allied spy on Helgoland. In the story this actually occurs. Tense interest, quickened breath and general satisfaction will be yours if you read this story thru from start to finish.

The Paper From Your Old Home Town

MRS. WILLIAMSON threw down the semi-weekly newspaper from her home town with such impatience that Williamson removed his pipe to ask what had ruffled her usual calm.

"That settles it," she replied. "You can write tonight and cancel our subscription to this old paper. We've been living in a big city so long now that it is positively foolish to have this relic of the past mailed to us every Friday."

"I don't quite understand," Williamson protested mildly.

"Well, haven't you seen that Gazette? Didn't you see where little Kate Watkins was married?"

"Yes. What of it? She's old enough now."

"That's it! Old enough! And the year we moved away little Kate Watkins was in kindergarten! Since that time she has been graduated from grammar school, high school and goodness knows what else. And now she's married. It makes me feel as grownup and old as Methuselah's twin sister."

"Did you see that rather long article there about Alvin S. Brown?" Williamson inquired.

"Yes—with a whole string of capital letters after his name. It said 'Dr. Brown' had written scientific books on astronomy. And, besides, in his spare moments he had collected and translated a volume of rare Latin songs. It said we should be very proud of the distinguished doctor.

"Now you know as well as I do," Mrs. Williamson continued, "that Al Brown was nothing but a skinny, barefooted youngster, shooting our pigeons with his pesky little rifle when we lived back home. And his collection of freckles of all sizes was the most extraordinary thing about him.

"And I noticed that Mrs. P. G. Taylor and little granddaughter visited somewhere or other last week. The idea of Lucy Taylor being a grandmother! It's absurd! Lucy and I went to school together. I always think of her as the same young girl and——"

"Oh, I see," Williamson commented. "We've been away from there so long you can't realize how everybody has aged. You couldn't expect them to remain at a standstill."

"No, of course not," Mrs. Williamson admitted, "but as long as I don't hear anything different, I continue to hold just as I left them.

"It doesn't bother me when I read that Mrs. Swissle gave a party or that John Weebles has had the grip, because they always used to give parties and have the grip.

"But I can't bear to read about mere babies getting married and lanky kids being doctors and my girlhood chums being grandmothers. There is a continual suggestion of unreality about it."

"I understand now," Williamson said, "you feel like the same young girl who married me more than a couple of dozen years ago until the news items from home force other thoughts upon you."

"And then I can feel the weight of time swinging from my shoulders. It makes my very cheeks sag."

"You really do feel and look much younger than a lot of women I know who were born a good while since you were. But you can't very well deny having raised a family yourself. Just the same, Margaret, with all the children away it does seem as if we had moved back to honeymoon days. In another way it seems much longer than two years since our baby Emily was married and went to her own home——. Wait a minute till I see who's ringing the doorbell!"

Williamson went to the door and returned reading a yellow slip of paper. It was a telegram which he handed his wife with trembling fingers. She read this message: "Ten-pound boy arrived 8:30 p. m. Come along and shake hands with your first grandchild."

Five minutes of emotional relaxation were followed by half an hour of thoughtful silence before Mrs. Williamson arose to pack her traveling bag.

As she left the room she said: "I guess, John, you'd better sit down and renew our subscription to the Gazette. And in your letter to the editor, you might mention Emily's boy."

* * *

It Brought Results.

FOR nine long years he had been wooing the fair daughter of the farm.

"Jennie," he mused, as they sat on the old fence, "I read the other day that in a thousand years the Lakes of Killarney will dry up."

Jennie clutched his arm excitedly.

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter lass?"

"Why, as you promised to take me there on our honeymoon, don't you think we'd better be a little careful that they don't dry up before we get there."

N. B.—The next month the wedding bells rang in the village.

* * *

Father Was Encouraging.

LORD TOMNODDY was very much in love with Fluffy Flipflop, the famous revue "star," and being a youth who liked to get things over, announced his intention of asking the lady to marry him the following night.

"And you think she will say 'Yes?'" asked the father amiably.

"Oh, I don't know!" said the lovesick youth. "She's so beautiful and fascinating, I feel I can never hope to win her love!"

"Oh, rot!" said the father, encouragingly. "Lots of other men have succeeded. Why shouldn't you!"

$1 A Week Buys the Black Beauty

Our plan puts this high grade 1918 wheel in your hands at once. Easy payments; no need to "save up." We ship

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Freight Prepaid. Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then $1.00 a week; or return at our expense. No risk at all. Guar. 5 yrs.

18 big Features—"Roger" pedals, 2-piece sprocket, roomier saddle, dove-tail color design, etc.

Best Tires—the famous Firestone Blue Non-Skid Tires

WRITE TODAY for Plan and big Black Beauty Catalog (in colors). FREE. Pick out your wheel.

Save Money on Sundries. *Get our Catalog of bicycle parts, accessories supplies—everything for cyclists.*

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO. (Est. 22 Yrs.) Dept. K16, Philadelphia

YOUR HEART

Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine,** will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away — the burial certificates being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a makeshift — a false prop against a collapsing wall — and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most — nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a FREE test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore, cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet — easy to apply — inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name today to PLAPAO CO., Block 264, St. Louis, Mo., for FREE trial Plapao and the instructive information necessary.

$40 Motorcycle

We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We are the largest and only exclusive motorcycle supply house in the world. REPAIRS A SPECIALTY. SEND US YOUR MACHINE TO BE OVERHAULED. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes.

Harry R. Geer Co., 900 McLaran Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

ARE YOU BASHFUL?

If you are timid or lack self confidence, if you blush, become confused easily, if you are bashful and unsuccessful in love, social or business affairs, send 3c stamp for our booklet—it tells how these faults may be promptly overcome forever.

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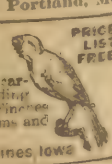
CANARIES



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IOWA BIRD CO., Dept. 10, Des Moines, Iowa

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment.

Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED by harmless remedy. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures, costs you $1. If it fails, costs nothing.

SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated **Lavalliere** and **Neckchain,** pair of Pierceless **Ear Bobs;** Gold plated **Expansion Bracelet** with 1m. **Watch,** guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. **All given FREE** for selling only 16 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT, 147 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

HUSBANDS AT A BARGAIN

By Mary Barrett Howard

THE little kitchen was redolent of freshly baked cake and stout Mrs. Pickens, hurrying thru the remnant of the week's ironing, looked flushed and heated.

"Soap Club or no Soap Club, I got to git Miss Ransom's things done," she muttered. "She'll be after 'em today sure, for I suspicion she ain't got many changes. I declare," she added, pitifully, as she surveyed the fine, lace-trimmed garment on the ironing board, "it makes me feel bad to see how careful she's patched an' mended 'em. Ev'ry dud she's got is most fallin' to pieces, but I expect she ain't got the money to buy new ones.

"I ain't a mite surprised. I read one o' her stories once an' it was awful dull, to my thinkin'. She looks half-starved. If I wasn't afraid she'd take it as an insult I'd ask her to stay to the meetin' of the Soap Club. I'm goin' to have a good supper, if I do say it, an' I worked in one o' them cheap boardin' houses once an' I know what they be.

"An' to think that her folks used to be as rich as mud! I met the old judge jest a little while before his death steppin' out as if he owned the earth—well, this is a queer world! Goodness gracious me—there's Miss Ransom now, ridin' in an autymobil! It's stopped an' she's comin' in!"

Hastily setting down her flatiron she ran to the door and admitted a slim, pale girl dressed in shabby mourning, ejaculating as she did so:

"Well, if I ain't surprised to see you ridin' in an autymobil', Miss Ransom! Come right in—your things is jest ready, an' while I'm doing of 'em up I want you should look at the new premiums I got since you was here last."

Glad to postpone, even for a few moments, the irrevocable step to which she had just pledged herself, Elinor Ransom followed her hostess into a room where a table was laid with a brave array of plated silver and a set of china decorated with flaming red poppies.

"It's my day to entertain our Soap Club," Mrs. Pickens explained. "Ten of us ladies clubs together an' buys our soap o' Lally, an' then we takes turns drawin' for the premiums. I got all that silver an' that chiny set an' that picter frame for my share. Ain't that frame complete? Pickens thought I'd ought to put his picter in instead o' Tim's, but Pickens is homely enough to scare the cat an' Tim was a real good-lookin' feller, don't you think so, Miss Ransom?

"But I dunno's I ought to find fault with Pickens' looks when all is said an' done," the good woman went on as she rummaged in a table drawer in search of some string.

"Set down an' I'll tell you how I come to make a second venture. I'm so het up I'd like to cool off a little mite before I fly at somethin' else. I ain't never told you, have I, how I got Pickens?"

"No, I'm sure you haven't," the girl answered, taking a seat and preparing to listen with unfeigned interest, for Mrs. Pickens was to Elinor Ransom an unfailing source of delight.

"I was awful lonesome after I lost my first," Mrs. Pickens began briskly. "An' it wa'n't long before I found out that there's a mighty sight o' dif'rence between washin' for pleasure as one may say, jest to git yourself some extry things—I got that red plush teet you're settin' on, an' that golden oak sideboard that way in less'n six months—an' in bendin' over a washtub day in an' day out tryin' to keep body an' soul together. So when I come acrost an advertisement, one day, tellin' about a place where you can buy a husband by payin' down $10 cash in advance I made up my mind I'd try my luck."

"Why, Mrs. Pickens, the idea!" Elinor gasped. "The very idea!"

"It did seem like buyin' a pig in a poke," Mrs. Pickens admitted. "But I knew 'twas resk $10 or earn my own livin' so far as I was concerned, for Tim had been dead most a year an' there hadn't hide or hair of a man come shyin' round, not even old Simpson that's had six wives an' is willin', folks say, to take up with most anythin' that wears skirts for his seventh.

"I got Miss Jones that lives next door to go with me," she continued, "for I ain't one of your reckless kind an' I'd read in the newspapers how women is sometimes tolled off an' murdered. But land, I needn't 'a' been skeered, for the man that runs the place was a pleasant-spoken feller as ever I see. He said he was certain he could suit me, but the man he brought out from the back room was as Godforsaken a lookin' specimen as I ever set eyes on.

"'You needn't think I'm goin' to take up with such a poor excuse for a man as that,' I says to him. 'My sakes,' I says, 'do you think I'm lookin' for somebody else to support besides myself?'

"'He's all I got on hand jest now, ma'am,' the broker says, kind of urgent an' persuasivelike. 'But there's more to this one than appears on the surface—you can't always judge by a cat's looks how far she can jump.'

"'I can,' I says pretty sharp. 'I can tell ev'ry time, an' that there feller would never in kingdom come earn his own salt, let alone mine.'

"At that I marched right out of the room an' down the stairs an' the broker follered us most a block, saying he was reel sorry it happened so, but if I'd come again in a week he'd have a larger stock for me to select from.

"First I was so mad at his tryin' to work off a damaged piece o' goods like that on me that I thought I wouldn't go next or nigh him, but ten dollars paid in advance is a lot of money to throw away for nothin' and as luck would have it, it set in an' rained for four days on end. I had an awful time gittin' my clothes dried an' the upshot of the matter was when Sat'day came round I went back.

"I had my pick of more'n a dozen that time, but I didn't have no difficulty in makin' a choice, for, if I do say it, I'm a pretty good judge o' men."

"Mrs. Pickens," Elinor Ransom said, with a sudden, desperate resolution, "I wish you'd take a look at that gentleman out there and tell me what you think of him."

Mrs. Pickens peered out of the window at a man who was casting impatient looks toward the house while he walked up and down the pavement, smoking and exchanging an occasional word with his chauffeur.

"I'd take him, 'fi was you, Miss Ransom," she announced judicially, after a careful scrutiny. "I can tell a money-maker as far as I can see him. An' what's more, I bet that gentleman knows how to hang on to his money after he gets it. The trouble with your folks was they didn't," she informed her guest with candor.

"I—I suppose your advice is good, Mrs. Pickens," Elinor Ransom said, dejectedly.

A vicious growl from a yellow mongrel that was lying on an old brown coat startled her, and Mrs. Pickens cried warningly:

"Be careful, Miss Ransom, don't step on that coat! Hobo don't let nobody but me touch it. Tim was a track walker," she explained in response to Elinor's inquiring look, "an' he got killed pullin' Hobo out from under the wheels of an ingine. You never see a dog take on the way that one did. He was jest wild till I give him that old brown coat o' Tim's to lay on. That seemed to make him feel a little mite better, but ev'ry single mornin' Hobo starts out an' goes over the tracks the way he did with Tim when he was alive. The boys on the road all think a sight of him. They'd all like to own him, but when Hobo's gone the rounds he trots right back here an' lays down on Tim's old coat."

"Oh, the dear, faithful little fellow!" the girl cried, her eyes filling with tears.

(Continued on Page 29.)

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Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the

Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE

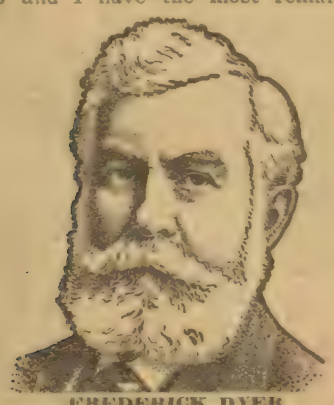
Shows this and other Symphonola styles, sold on easy payments.

Larkin Co. Desk 58W-418, Buffalo, N. Y

Free to Every Rheumatic Sufferer

Try My Free Treatment for the Relief of Those Terrible External Rheumatic Pains, Soreness and Lameness.

Send me your name and address and I will mail to you at once a $1.00 pair of my Foot Drafts. I want you to know what they will do for you. Thousands have already tested these modern wonders and I have the most remarkable



FREDERICK DYER

testimonials you ever read. One tells of suffering 20 years with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Another, 78 years of age, couldn't lift right arm and one knee swollen so she had to use a cane to walk. Thousands like this.

Now, remember, I send you a $1.00 pair of Foot Drafts absolutely free, no money for them now or at any other time. If they do as much for you as for the thousands of others, simply thank me. If you wish to get more of them, you can, but the first pair is positively free to you and all you need do is fill out and mail coupon below. This one free pair will do more good than all the medicine you ever bought.

Free Foot Draft Coupon

FREDERICK DYER,
200 Dyer Building, Jackson, Mich.

Send me FREE a $1.00 pair of Dyer's Foot Drafts. I will use them to learn if they will do as much for me as you say they have for the thousands of others who have tried them. This pair is FREE to me, for which I am not under any obligation.

Name. .. ..

Street. .. ..

City .. .. .. State .. ..

Sing the Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing!
Words and Music FREE

The songs of war have swept over the country like a great wave. The happy sailor on his way home on a furlough or the man in khaki, cheerful at the prospect of spending a few hours with the folks back home, hums or whistles to himself songs that the home folks do not know.

The song a soldier or sailor sings is full of action. There is a swing to it. A song for every mood, every circumstance, but all have that martial spirit. It is these very songs that help him to while away the hours of severe training, that help him pass the time while on sentry duty or on watch on the bridge of the vessel of war.

How many of the folks at home know these songs? Unfortunately the number is small, but now every one can learn these songs free. This great book, "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," contains 72 pages of songs with the words and music. Convenient size to fit into the pocket. Many of these songs are copyrighted, and it was only by paying enormous royalties that the publishers have been able to secure them for the folks back home.

How many of you know "Homeward Bound," "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over?" Few, indeed, know "Over There," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You," "Bring Back My Daddy to Me." In fact, there are some even who do not know the "Star Spangled Banner." All of these and many others will be found in this remarkable book with the words and music. These songs are arranged so that any one can play them on the piano or organ, even tho one is not a musician.

How to Get This Book Free

We are now offering it free with a four months' subscription to the Chicago Ledger or The Saturday Blade for 50c.

Inclose a 50c money order in an envelope, send it to us with the blank below, and we will send you this handsome book free, postage prepaid.

Send a Copy to YOUR Soldier or Sailor

Your soldier or sailor boy will appreciate this book more than any present you could send him. Can you imagine the boys gathered together (and the Government has provided pianos for the cantonment quarters because it realizes that music helps to cheer the spirit). If they are out at sea or at the battlefront the one who has a mouth organ or mandolin or a banjo will gather them around him in the evenings, and many an hour will be passed singing the 118 songs that appear in the book "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing."

Fill out the blank below and inclose it to us with 50c, and we will send one book and the paper to you for four months, or if you wish, we will send the Chicago Ledger or The Saturday Blade for four months to your soldier boy, together with this book, with a card stating that you have ordered it for him.

ORDER TODAY—THE SUPPLY IS LIMITED

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Song Department

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois. Song Department.

Inclosed please find 50c, for which send the Chicago Ledger or The Saturday Blade (cross out the paper you do not order) for four months to name and address given below. Also send a copy of "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing" free.

Send book and papers to

NAME

P. O., R. F. D. OR ST. NO.

TOWN STATE BOX

ORDERED BY

(Cut this out if you are ordering a book for a friend.)
Not more than two books will be sent to one person.

FREE TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY - JUST THIS COUPON

C. Newberry Company,
200-214 North Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me trial package of ten fifteen-cent boxes of SPIK and SPAN tablets. I promise to send the special price of $1.00 to you or return the goods within 30 days.

Name _____

Address _____

SPECIAL OFFER:—If you send this coupon in at once we will put a $1.00 free advertising certificate in each 15-cent package.

MAIL THIS COUPON
"FREE WOMEN FROM THE DRUDGERY OF WASH DAY"

Takes The Work Out of Wash Day!

An amazing discovery. Wonderful little tablets that save half the soap and nine-tenths of the labor on washday.

Washday drudgery banished forever! Scrubbing on the washboard out-of-date—a thing of the past!

Clothes saved from the wear and tear of old-fashioned washing!

One-half cake of soap doing the work of a whole cake and doing it better! Wonderful—amazing—yes, but true. SPIK and SPAN—the modern washday miracle has done it.

Rev. Williams Endorses Spik and Span

Newberry Company:
My wife had SPIK and SPAN tried and thinks it the most wonderful thing on the market. Rev. E. Williams.
Hazard, Ky.

Demonstrated and Won

Newberry Company:
Received the shipment of SPIK and SPAN—demonstrated to 20 women at one time and they all think it is the greatest thing ever. It sells like "wild fire" Will send another order soon.
E. H. Achilles.
Lyndonville, Vt.

Spik and Span Beats Wash Machine

Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—I am a mother of two children and do my own washing. I got a new washing machine that I thought could not be beat, but I received some samples of SPIK and SPAN, tried them, and would not trade one pkg. of SPIK and SPAN for any machine on the market. It only takes about one-third the soap with SPIK and SPAN. Besides, my washing is a pleasure where before it was the most dreaded of my housework. Mrs. W. M. Mace,
Garnett, Kans.
P.S.—Rush order

Spik and Span Saves Labor, Soap and Time

Newberry Company:
Dear Sirs:—I received your free samples of SPIK and SPAN with prices, and consider them very liberal. I tried the sample as directed and was surprised at the results—clothes looking clean and white and me not a bit tired from washing. I consider the SPIK and SPAN a labor saver, a great help in saving soap and time, and indispensable on wash day. It is very pleasant to deal with the Newberry Company, they having proved themselves gentlemen in many ways.
Mrs Phoebe Thomas

Got Some Before and It Was Fine

Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Please send me $1 00 worth of SPIK and SPAN by parcel post I got some of this before from you and it was fine. Enclosed please find money order.
W. Derne, Pullman, Ill.

She Wants to Buy More Spik and Span

Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.
Sirs:—Myself as well as five or six of my neighbors have tried your SPIK and SPAN tablets and are well pleased with them, but do not know where to purchase them. I bought some from a relative in Indiana and gave some samples to friends here. We are about out of them now and don't know who handles them here. Have you an agent here? Let me hear by return mail
Mrs. Frank Welch, Dayton, O.

SPIK AND SPAN
CLEANS AND WHITENS EVERYTHING

SPIK and SPAN tablets are made from absolutely pure ingredients—no lye, potash or paraffin, no injurious chemicals—have freed women from wash day slavery.

Dirt vanishes—stains come out, the clothes are spotlessly clean in a surprisingly short time. No rubbing necessary.

Cleans everything around the house.

SPIK and SPAN—10 tablets to a box—enough for five big washings—only 15 cents. Think of it!

Women are enthusiastic—hundreds upon hundreds of letters are pouring in—thanking us for this invention. Read the unsolicited testimonials on this page. Then send the coupon—and know for yourself.

A Fortune-Maker For AGENTS!

The women of America want SPIK and SPAN. They are waiting for it—ready to buy—anxious to buy.

We must have ambitious men and women in every community to represent us. We must get SPIK and SPAN to every woman. Our agents are reporting tremendous sales—their incomes are larger than they ever dreamed possible. It's your opportunity.

Act at once—don't delay. Help conserve labor—clothes—soap—war-time necessities—also help yourself to independence. Now's the time!

SEND NO MONEY—Just the Coupon!
Get 10 Packages By Return Mail

Not one penny—just sign your name—it brings you your trial order—ten packages. Try them out in your wash. Sell to your friends or neighbors—keep for your own use. Pay if you wish at the end of thirty days—could anything be fairer? It's your chance—act quickly. SPIK and SPAN is the greatest seller on the market today—it is ready for your territory. Send the coupon.

C. NEWBERRY COMPANY
200-214 North Peoria Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT

SAVES ½ the SOAP

Husbands at a Bargain

(Continued From Page 27.)

"Oh, Mrs. Pickens, when I see how loyal, how true to their best instincts a dumb brute can be it makes me ashamed of myself and my kind!"

"Well, I dunno. It seems as if it would show more sense if Hobo'd stay with some o' them fellers that treat him so well instead o' comin' back here to be kicked round by Pickens when he gits drunk, jest for the sake of lyin' on that old coat."

"Why, Mrs. Pickens, you don't mean to tell me that Mr. Pickens get—er—that he drinks!" exclaimed Elinor. "Then you can't be such a good judge of men after all."

"I don't know why not," Mrs. Pickens retorted. "Pickens is a money-maker an' that's what I was lookin' for. Them politicians says he's the man for their money, that he can deliver the goods ev'ry time, an' when you come right down to it, I dunno's the things that he does is any worse than the things that's done by them at the top 'cordin' to the newspapers. No, Pickens may git drunk once in a while, an' he may not be what you'd call honest, but a woman's got to make up her mind to put up with somethin' when she gits hitched onto a man, an' for my part I call Pickens a good bargain."

"But your first husband must have been so different," Elinor faltered, glancing at the portrait above her head. "He looks so kind and—and honest."

"He was," Mrs. Pickens confessed, a wistful shadow creeping over her complacent red face. "Pickens makes a sight most money, for Tim wa'n't practical—you'd know that by his losin' his own life tryin' to save a dog's—but we took a lot o' comfort together, Tim an' I did. An' sometimes it seems as if I jest couldn't stand it to think he's dead an' gone," she ended with a gulp of real sorrow.

There was a determined tilt to Elinor Ransom's softly rounded chin as she went down the steps of the tenement house a moment later. A man twice her age with tell-tale lines about his mouth and pouches under his water gray eyes, hurriedly advanced to meet her, tossing away as he did so an oily, black cigar.

"Here you are at last," he said. "What the devil are you carrying that bundle for? I told you to pay the woman what you owed her and say good-by to her since you insisted upon it, but your things aren't worth bothering with. You've been down on your luck so long that your clothes are about all in. But we'll fix all that, little girl," he added graciously, his frown relaxing into a jovial manner that was even more unpleasant than his anger.

"There'll be plenty of time, after we have been to the minister, to drive to one of the stores and fit you out to be a credit to me before our train leaves."

"I'm not going with you, Mr. Archer—I—I can't marry you," the girl said, beginning with great decision but faltering a bit as she met his angry look of amazement.

"I suppose you want a little more coaxing," he said sullenly, "but, my girl, you've kept me dangling after you long enough!" he exploded, laying a heavy hand on her arm. "Come with me now, Elinor, and for the rest of your life you will get the fine clothes and the jewels and the petting that every pretty woman wants, but I'll never give you another chance to make a fool of me—once for all, is it yes or no?"

"It is no!—no!—no!" Elinor cried, pulling away from the touch of his hand with a gesture of loathing.

Elinor Ransom, trudging along the hot pavement, inhaling the dust and odor left in the trail of the big car, felt curiously light-hearted, perhaps absurdly so, if one considers the fact that the $5 bank note in her lean purse represented the sum total of her resources, unless one is sanguine enough to regard a drawerful of rejected manuscripts and two "accepted to be paid for on publication" as available assets.

Turning the corner she almost ran into a shabby, broad-shouldered young man whose whole face lighted at the sight of the slim girl with the big bundle.

"Let me carry that for you, Miss Ransom," he said, falling into step at her side. "All my luck is coming to me at once—I thought I wouldn't be able to see you before this evening, and I could hardly wait to tell you that I'd got a start at last. I—You must have seen that I loved you, dear," the young fellow went on, his voice shaking with the force of long pent-up passion; "but I thought it only fair to stand aside and let Archer win you if he could. It was hard, God knows, but I couldn't see anything ahead of me but penury, for there are some things a fellow can't do without losing his self-respect even to get the girl he loves."

Elinor looked up quickly and saw in the dark eyes that met hers the same expression she had seen in the crude portrait of poor Tim Ryan—"the look of a man unbought."

"But at last I've got my chance," John Talbot said jubilantly. "I can't offer you much yet except my love and a very modest little flat, but I'm going to make good, I'm sure of it now. Tell me, Elinor—dearest—do you like me well enough to risk marrying me tomorrow?"

"I don't consider it a risk, John, dear," the girl said demurely, a delicious dimple lurking in the corner of her lovely mouth. "But, oh, John!" she wailed suddenly, "just suppose I hadn't stopped at Mrs. Pickens' and learned from her what a bargain in husbands really is!"

* * *

Classification of Josh.

DURING a conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel, Representative John A. Peters of Maine remarked on the proneness of some people to pat themselves on the back, but said the same did not apply to a farmer named Uncle Josh.

One afternoon last summer an automobile party from the city called on the aforesaid Josh, and, in being shown over the farm, they came to a large cornfield which had just been planted.

"Whole lot o' time and labor here," said Uncle Josh, with a glance across the broad acres. "Ye'd be surprised if I told ye how much seed was covered up in them hills."

"No, I wouldn't," replied one of the party, "but I should think that you would put up a few scarecrows to protect it."

"No, 'tain't necessary," was the solemn rejoinder of Uncle Josh. "Ye see, I'm out here nearly all day myself."

* * *

A Cold Reception.

GERMANY'S miserable apology to the Argentine government led a Senator to say the other day:

"That apology ought to be received as the Atlanta woman received her apologizing husband.

"An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm.

"'Darling,' he said to his wife, 'look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world.'

"She came forward with a shrug.

"'Humph! What is it?' she asked. 'A box of stogies?'"

* * *

Waiting.

A COUNTRY clergyman who was nailing up a refractory creeper observed a young lad watching him for a long time with obvious interest.

"Well, my young friend," he said smilingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?"

"No!" said the youth.

"Are you surprised to see me working like this?"

"No! I do be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thoomb!"

The Iron Men Of History.

Cromwell was said to rule with an iron hand. His "roundheads" were

no more heroes, nor braver men than are our boys today fighting in France for country and freedom. Men with dauntless spirits—men of red blood, courage, energy, vim and vigor are needed every day behind the lines as well as behind the guns. You need iron in the blood! Every healthy man or woman should have about as much iron in his or her body as there is in an ordinary "tenpenny" nail. To gain this iron, the best way is to take an iron tonic called "Iron-tic," a combination of iron in its most soluble form, discovered by Dr. Pierce and experimented with by his physicians at the Surgical Institute in Buffalo. "Iron-tic" is a form of iron readily taken up by the blood, the blood-cells get round, rich-red in color, the cheeks are pink, the appetite improves, and one feels full of "snap"—"pep"—"vigor"—instead of tired before the day is half done. The eyes take on a luster and the body feels that tingle which one gets from a cold bath. If you want to try this new "Iron-tic" tablet send 10 cents to the Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., and obtain a trial package. This 20th century Iron tonic is sure to do you good. Druggists sell "Iron-tic" for sixty cents.

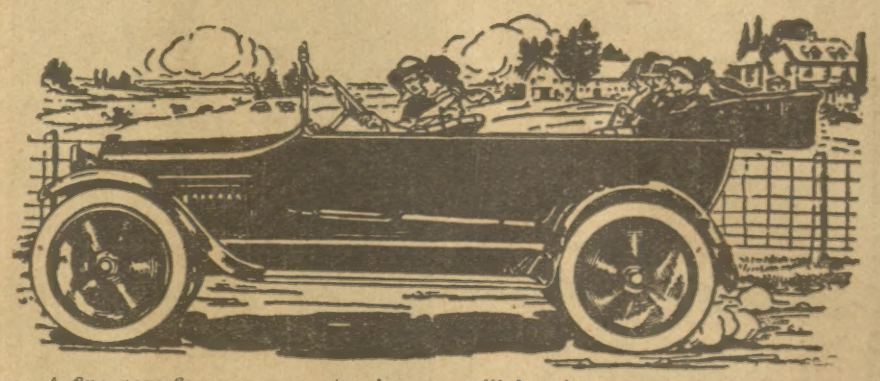
LATEST SONGS

Over There | Dear Old Uncle Sam | It's a Long Way to Berlin | I May Be Gone a Long Long Time
Tipperary | America I Love You | Keep the Home Fires Burning | Good Bye Broadway Hello France
War Brides | Red White and Blue | A Baby's Prayer at Twilight | Somewhere in France is Daddy
War Babies | Everybody Hula | For the Freedom of the World. | Where the River Shannon Flows
Indiana | Old Maid's Ball | All the World Will be Jealous | Don't Bite the Hand That Feeds You
Good Bye Boys | I Love the Ladies | My Sweet Hawaiian Rose | When Our Boys Get Back to U. S. A.
This Is the Life | For Me and My Gal | I Want a Little Bungalow | Alexander's Got a Jazz Band Now
America First | Hawaiian Twilight | There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland | Mammy's Little Cole Black Rose
So Long Mother | Send Me Away With a Smile | | 'Twas Only an Irishman's Dream
Hello Hawaii | All I Need is a Girl Like You | | Little Spark of Love Still Burning
For You a Rose | | |
Stop, Stop, Stop | | |

ALL CRAZY ALBUM contains OVER 500 new Songs, Music, Recitations, Toasts, etc. Price 10c; 3 for 20c; 10 for 50c; 100 Movie Star Pictures and 50 U. S. Flag Stickers free with each. Send 'em "over there."
Address THE LUX CO., 128 AVE. 31, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

This Auto Free!

5-Passenger Touring Car



A fine new five-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. And how all your relatives would enjoy the car. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles, etc. They win by starting early. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it and so get a great big start in the contest.

EASIER TO WIN THAN ANY OTHER CONTEST

This contest will not be advertised and pushed like so many others. There will be fewer contestants than in other contests, and if you start right away you can win easily this 1918 model, fully equipped, five-passenger touring car.

2000 VOTES FREE

To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown below. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the beautiful set of Movie Star Photos, including that of charming Mary Pickford. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

OTHER REWARDS TO ALL

This is the easiest and most liberal contest ever announced. It is so arranged that every one who takes part in the contest will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that one does. Remember you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting. You get splendid prizes and cash rewards without delay.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. We will give away hundreds of bicycles, watches, flashlights, sets of dishes and many other presents too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple that it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets a prize. We are a big company and delight in giving away valuable premiums to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this grand prize distribution.

DON'T WAIT—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. We are determined to give this automobile to some one free, and it might as well be you. Don't delay another minute. Find at least four of the partly hidden faces on the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross (X), fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail them to us with four cents to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the set of Movie Stars Photos for solving the puzzle. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning this auto. There are no losers. You get prizes for everything you do—many of them. We will help you win this auto if you are quick. Mail the coupon right away. Address

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Solve Puzzle and get set of Movie Star Photos

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you.

Movie Star Photos

This set of Movie Star Photos contains the pictures of your favorite screen stars. Each photo is postcard size. Among them will be found the beautiful Mary Pickford.

Here's How to Get It

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received, we will send you this beautiful set of Movie Star Photos. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you about this automobile which we are going to give away and also the many other prizes.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Auto Contest Manager, Dept. C,
500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you, together with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the set of Movie Star Photos, including Mary Pickford. Please tell me how I can become the owner of this five-passenger touring car delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning it. Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid prizes you have for me.

My name is.....

P. O., R. F. D., Box No., or St. No.....

Town..... State.....

MAKE YOUR HOME PRETTY

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Everything but the Feathers

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design to the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

—COUPON—

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is

a _____ subscription.
(new or renewal)

Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

Name .....

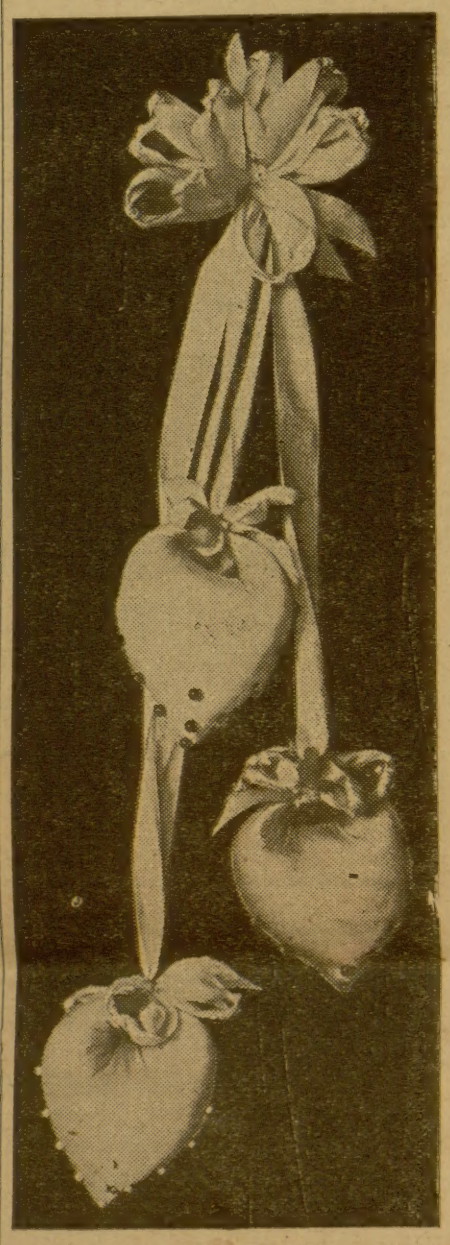
St. No., P. O.
or R. F. D. .....

Town .....

Box No. ..... State .....

Hearts for Miss Seventeen's Wardrobe.

THIS dainty and attractive ornament will make a pleasing gift—one which can be quickly made, and often one has the materials for the cushions about the



house. These can be made of the dainty shades of plain and fancy silk, ribbon, or any soft material. The colors used for this model are pink, light blue and Nile green, with 1½ yards of No. 2 satin ribbon to match each cushion, 1 yard of leaf green baby ribbon, one 1-inch white bone ring or a safety pin as preferred, while some large-headed black and white pins complete the materials. If one has some pretty flowered ribbon, the three cushions could be made of it, using different portions of the design for the front of each cushion.

Cut your cover 3½ inches square, fold diagonally across and sew the two sides together, leaving only enough space at one end for filling. This is done with white cotton, to which is added a little sachet powder.

Fill the opening solid, but so that the points will bend without showing a break. Bring the sharp points together across the top and sew securely.

Cut less than an inch of the narrow ribbon and twist to form a bud; surround it by tiny loops of the green ribbon. Make two buds on each side.

Allow 3 inches of the narrow ribbon for each loop; tie a loose knot into the center of each loop, allowing four loops and two ends for each cushion. Loop over the sewed points and fasten the buds of contrasting shades to the center of each rosette.

Allow different lengths of ribbon for the hangers, as shown in the illustration, and finish at the top with rosette of all the remaining ribbons. Finish the edges with the pins.

To Keep Work Clean.

A PIECE of thin muslin basted over the right side of the material to be worked, then fitted into the frame or loop, cutting away the muslin from the part to be embroidered first, will keep the hands from coming in contact with the rest of the material when using the needle and holding the hoops.

Patching Underwear.

WHEN discarding knit underwear cut out the best parts and save them to patch garments of similar texture.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 4 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

A Simple But Effective Doily

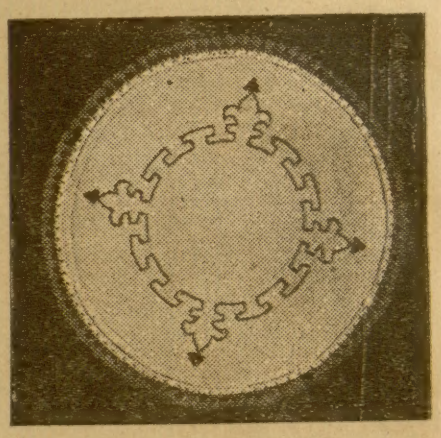
BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE work on this doily is simple in the extreme. Outlining forms the conventional border with just the four corners worked in French embroidery. Not apparent at first glance is the fact that this circular design has four corners and is set within a round edge. Another of the novel features of this doily is the narrow finishing braid used at the edge of the hem. After making a narrow hem in the linen sew the braid to the under side, allowing the open center and one edge to extend beyond. The colors used are a matter of choice, two shades of the same color, blue, rose, brown, green or yellow, or two different colors combined, as blue outlining with green corners and blue edge or brown outlining with cherry red corners and brown edge, or whatever combinations are the most pleasing. Fasten the thread for the crocheting into the braid and make:

First Row—1 do cr, 2 ch sts, repeat for this row.

Second Row—* 1 si cr over ch, 2 do cr, 1 si cr, over next ch, repeat * for this row and break thread.

These doilies will be found very useful in sets for the china closet or buffet. They make a dressy finish for the dining-table combined with a centerpiece to match. One can make them of scraps of



linen one finds about the house and they are an excellent medium for using up one's odds and ends of embroidery cotton, for they require so little of each shade. At one's leisure these can be picked up and when laundered put away for gifts later on this winter when so many other things come to take our time and attention.

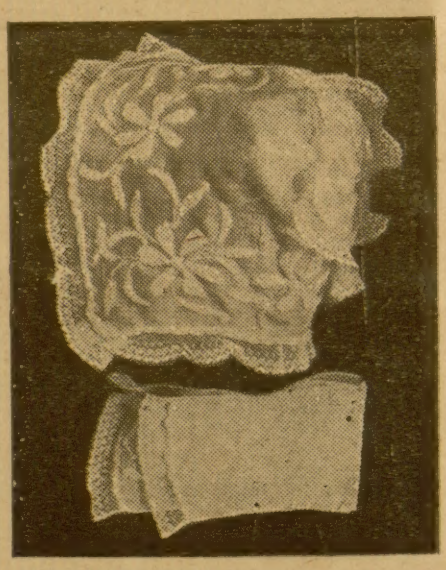
Dainty Baby Cap of Shadow Embroidery

MADE of soft white material and embroidered in pale blue mercerized embroidery cotton, this cap is the daintiest little head covering imaginable. With a foundation cap of quilted wadding, the delicate, sheer cap can be worn in all but the most extremely cold weather. Shadow embroidery is the most showy for the least work of any stitch I know, and the dainty effect of this stitch on the right side makes it especially adaptable for this use.

The work is done on the wrong side of the cap, and is the old-fashioned herringbone stitch, with just the short back stitch on the stamping, coming thru to the right side and the crossed stitches shimmering thru the dainty material. This, as shown in the illustration, gives the appearance of much work.

On the right side outline the stems and make a solid dot for the center of each flower. The round back of the cap is also embroidered and then edged with valenciennes lace. The entire cap is finished with a baby scallop, buttonholed in blue and edged with the lace.

The soft ties are 2½ inches wide; they are embroidered at the ends and finished to match the cap. The sides of these ties are rolled and make a much narrower and neater finish than if hemmed. For this work dampen the fingers slightly; and,



once started, a rolled hem is more quickly rolled than the regular double turn for hemming.

A Knitting Tip.

TO JOIN yarn without knots: When near the end of yarn, insert the new yarn in the eye of a large needle; stitch up the end of the old yarn for an inch and a half or more, withdraw the needle, give the joined threads a slight twist, and it is almost impossible to find the joining. Binding off stitches is very tedious, but may be done easily and uniformly by the use of a crochet hook, crocheting each stitch and lifting off the knitting needle.

Remodeling Blouse.

WHEN lingerie blouses have become worn and faded use Val lace insertions and edging, which are so low priced and dainty. Cut away all worn places and seams beneath the trimming. They can be made larger by adding lace to the front line and under arms or lengthened at the waistline by sewing lace across the bottom, then gather on string. A peplum can be added of lace.

Copying Crochet Patterns.

WHEN you are copying crochet or knitting patterns, place a magnifying or ordinary reading glass over the sample, and you will find it a saving to your eyes.

For a Dresser Scarf.

A PRETTY dresser scarf edge begins with a chain of 20 stitches, turn.

First Row—Make 3 double crochet in 4th, 5th, 6th st from hook, 3 spaces, a shell, ch 2, sh in 3rd st, missing two, ch 5, turn.

Second Row—Sh in sh, ch 3, sh in sh, 3 sp, 4 dc in 4 dc below, ch 3, turn.

Third Row—Three dc, 3 sp, ch 2, sh in sh, ch 4, sh in sh, ch 5, turn.

Fourth Row—Sh in sh, ch 2, 1 single crochet under ch of 3 of 1st and 2nd rows, ch 2, sh in sh, 4 sp, 4 dc, ch 3, turn.

Fifth Row—Three dc, 3 sp, 1 sh in 4th sp, ch 2, sh in sh, ch 5, turn.

Sixth Row—Sh in sh, ch 3, sh in sh, 3 sp, 4 dc, ch 3, turn.

Seventh Row—Three dc, 3 sp, ch 2, sh in sh, ch 4, sh in sh, ch 5, turn.

Eighth Row—Sh in sh, ch 2, 1 sc under ch 3 of two preceding rows, ch 2, sh in sh, 4 sp, 4 dc.

A Reasonable Request.

COUNSEL (in divorce case)—"I ask that a recess be taken at this point, Your Honor."

Judge—"On what grounds?"

Counsel—"My client wishes to change her gown. She hasn't displayed half her costumes yet."

An Expression of Thanks.

This announcement appeared in a rural paper a while ago following an exciting event in the lives of a family named Crowley in a small town in the South:

"Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Crowley desire to express appreciation to their neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted at the burning of their house last Tuesday evening."

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"What is that tune you were playing on the piano?"

"That isn't a tune. That is a sonata."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, with a sonata it's hard for the average listener to detect mistakes. With a tune you've got to know pretty well what you are about."

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